JOHN BULL

VOL. LXIX. 1905

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DEEDS THAT WILL NEVER DIE

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The more you increase your earning power the better it is for the country and for yourself personally.

War or no war, earning power always brings its possessor to the front. It is no use waiting for better times. The ideal opportunity never arrives. We have to make the best of existing conditions. Therefore, delay is useless; it is worse, it is harmful.

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J. H. Bennett

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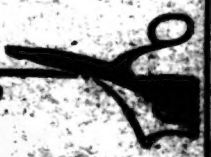

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Please send me (free of charge) Particulars of ..... Your private advice about } (Cross out line which does not apply)

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name .....

Address .....

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 4, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

NOT LIKELY!

● **Attempt to conscript labour has failed.**

But the employers mean to try again.

Mr. Bevin won't give way. JOHN BULL predicts that the Cabinet will support his firm stand.

All workers, many employers, agree it would be unfair that firms should be able to retain a man under compulsion and yet remain free to sack him.

Conscription advocates say that workers ought to be treated as soldiers. They forget that the Army doesn't work for private profits.

Their real aim, it is suspected, is not industrial efficiency, but power to keep down wages.

What about wages? Stories of fifteen-year-olds earning £5 a week give false impressions.

Actually, wages throughout industry have risen only by 10 per cent. Much less than the rise in cost of living.

Again, the more a man earns by war bonus based on increased output, the lower is the cost of production.

In short, conscription-mongers have a bad case. And the verdict will go against them.

Straight from the Shoulder

STILL TOO MUCH MUDDLE

LOOK forward to a grim but hopeful year. It will make further calls on our courage and determination.

It should also be decisive in our march to victory.

Why does it promise the sight of Hitler on the run?

Because he is likely to stake all on invasion.

DESPERATE FLING

Mr. Churchill warns us to expect it. Washington asserts that the Nazis are prepared to risk a million men in the effort.

If we crush it as completely as we smashed Hitler's plans last September, then he will be less able to counter our own coming offensive.

How can we crush it? Not only by being alert.

But by making stronger defences, more munitions, more aircraft.

AIR OFFENSIVE

R.A.F. attacks grow heavier. Next Spring, they will reach the greatest intensity ever known.

That means more bombers, more bombs.

In the coming crucial months, also, U-boats will increase the attack on our shipping. We must tighten our belts, make do with smaller rations.

We must also build more ships.

MORE EFFORT

So we must step-up our war production. We must do even better than we have been doing. Not a moment, not an ounce of energy, must be lost.

We have, on the whole, an excellent Ministry to supervise the gigantic effort we must make.

But more co-ordination is wanted!

BREAK THEIR NECKS!

Supply must keep pace with demand.

"Bottle-necks" should be eliminated.

And the first task is to reorganise transport.

For most factory hold-ups are due to bad transport. Raw materials do not reach the factories in time. So men and machines stand idle.

OIL THE WHEELS

Hustle the railways! Even in peace time goods wagons travelled at less than half a mile an hour between stations. That was the average for the whole country, including waits on sidings.

Now the rate is even slower. Because, of course, of black-out and heavier traffic.

Put road transport back on the industrial map!

If we are to increase war production by 50 per cent., we must increase transport by 50 per cent.

Col. Moore Brabazon should restore our canal system, improve our minor ports.

MUDDLE AND MESS

Cut out overlapping between State Departments.

Factory working for one department accepts more orders than it can complete. So, to finish the job, supplies have to be diverted from firms working for some other department.

Some firms are on a three-shift basis. Others are on short time.

IDLE—BY ORDER

A shell-maker is "stood off." He sends us his discharge paper. It states that his suspension is due to "shortage of material."

Yet the country is littered with reserve dumps of scrap. Scrap to make the shells we need!

Most arms factories work on during the "alert." Some shut down directly the siren sounds—and remain shut for hours.

Is the reason lack of protection for the workers? Then that must be remedied.

NIGHTMARES

Great majority of workers are only too anxious to remain at their benches. The small minority of faint-hearts must be shamed.

One bomb fell in a field near an industrial town. Only one. Yet men from one factory spent the whole night in a bakehouse.

The bakers didn't take shelter. They went on making bread for the men who wouldn't make munitions.

SHELLS OR SWING!

Music for munition makers is a fine idea. But it must not interfere with the country's needs.

Three days in one week a military band played in an ordnance factory. It arrived *after* the men's breakfast time, so for three-quarters of an hour all work stopped.

One man who continued at his bench was reprimanded by the officials. JOHN BULL will see that those officials receive a reprimand from higher officialdom.

COCKTAIL RIVALRY

Such instances are typical of the muddled thinking that interferes with production.

Military efficiency, too, must reach its peak. Here is something for the attention of our stern-faced new War Minister, Capt. Margesson.

Army officers are throwing cocktail parties to celebrate the opening of new camps. Guests pour in from other units. At one, recently, £32 worth of drinks were consumed by dawn.

DIS-SERVICE

We maintain that the Army shouldn't advertise new camps. We maintain, too, that it should be ready to take the field at a moment's notice.

We have other reasons for attacking this Hollywood premiere idea. One is that girls who joined the A.T.S. to serve their country are being turned into usherettes to serve a few officers.

Yes, they are actually called usherettes.

NOW TO WORK!

On one occasion, girls who had to be up at 6 a.m. to cook breakfast for 600 troops were still handing out caps and sticks to young officers until after midnight.

We once attacked the A.T.S. because it was too much of a Society women's hobby.

Now it is trying to be democratic. The Army mustn't plunge it back into worse Mayfair snobbery.

TESTING-TIME

Above all, there must be no more "playing at war."

The whole country must be organised to face the grimmest realities of war.

For the next few months will be crucial, the darkness before the dawn.

£2,750 AIR RAID INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID THIS WEEK

A FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY—Underwritten at Lloyd's
FOR EVERY READER

Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Behind the News

● **Italian 'planes in Libya have been so badly battered by the R.A.F. that machines have had to be withdrawn from Abyssinia.**

● *To make up 'plane losses, and fearing open swing-over to De Gaulle, Italy has demanded from Syria that all French aircraft in mandated territory should be flown to the Dodecanese Islands and grounded for the duration. Despite Nazi "recommendation" of this particular claim, the demand was curtly refused.*

● **Till now one of Mussolini's hardest jobs was to prevent the truth of the precarious "siege" situation in Italian East Africa reaching Italy and Libya. Now he is having to let other matters slide in order to prevent Libyan and Italian news reaching Abyssinia to prevent present demoralisation becoming collapse.**

● **French "shadow cabinet" has been set up in Algeria and is ready to form a Government to continue the war if Nazis dishonour their armistice agreement and overthrow Pétain.**

● *Moslem unity against the Axis is emphasised by declaration of the notorious Fakir of Ipi on India's North-West Frontier denouncing Italy and offering truce among his fighting tribes until Mussolini and Hitler are defeated.*

● **British naval entry into the Adriatic caused Nazi High Command to cancel all plans for embarking German troops either at Trieste or Brindisi for Albania or Libya.**

● **The "Ark of the Covenant" and the red war tent of the Lion of Judah, Abyssinia's sacred symbols of unity, which were smuggled out of the country during the Italian conquest, have been brought back and are being used by Haile Selassie. His people regard these emblems as the signs of early deliverance.**

● *New friction between Moscow and Berlin has been caused by attempts of Nazi agents to undercut Soviet trade agreements with Iran and Afghanistan.*

● **Despite Nazi boasts about plentiful food supplies, Goering has had to order wholesale exploitation of all stock in Czechoslovakia as well as in occupied territories.**

STRAIGHT from the SHOULDER

(Continued from preceding page)

FOULLEST form of official stinginess is probably the treatment of missing soldiers' families.

Mrs. Walker, of Saltburn, could tell you all about it.

Her husband was posted "missing" at Dunkirk; allowance for herself and two small children was reduced by 3d.

Then came extra allowances for Servicemen's dependants to meet higher living costs, but War Office says that these do not apply to such people as Mrs. Walker.

Is it thought that worry over the fate of her husband will cause her to starve herself and thus make do without extra money?

What Army Needs

Army needs not only more fighters but more adjutants, it seems.

Scottish soldier, released for rebuilding work in Coventry, was given no chance to collect his tools from his near-by home, but sent straight from the barracks.

Arriving at Coventry, he expected to start work at once.

Instead, employment exchange gave him a warrant to return to Scotland for his tools.

Navy's Tank Trap

Hush-hush tank trap, now being installed throughout Britain, is described by experts as so effective that invaders would have little or no chance against it.

It was invented for the Army by—the Navy.

Gem of a Scheme

Sir Kingsley Wood expects to raise £100,000,000 by the Purchase Tax. The City thinks he'll be lucky to get £60,000,000.

The tax has as many holes as a Hamburg dock. It does not apply to unset diamonds, so a jeweller, selling a £50 diamond ring, charges £45 for the diamond and £5 for setting.

Tax is paid on £5, not £50.

And that's typical of a half-baked, half-hearted scheme costing untold millions to work.

Petrol Pirates

Evasion is equally easy in Help Your Neighbour plan for motorists.

Three drivers, living in the same district and working in the same City street, all applied for extra petrol to give free lifts to other travellers.

Instead, they drive to their offices in the same car, using the other two cars at home, and save the extra petrol for week-end trips into the country.

Answer's a Tear

So many petty disgraces are tolerated that officialdom must be not only deaf and dumb, but also paralysed.

Hampshire greengrocer openly advertises onions at a shilling a pound. Local food controller admits that he knows all about it, but he can't take action because he has not received official intimation that the price of onions is controlled.

Yes, he's seen the announcement in the newspapers. But that's not official enough for this obstinate blockhead!

Another Injustice

Again we urge revision of the free milk scheme.

Too many necessitous children remain beyond its scope.

Glasgow child of six cannot eat solid food or climb stairs yet. Therefore it doesn't attend school.

She is too old to get free milk as a baby, not well enough to get it as a schoolchild.

Her mother, very poor, has been a ratepayer for eighteen years, yet is denied benefits given to £10-a-week families.

Denied to Them

People in the Shetlands are paying from their low wages 10s. 6d. a week for milk for their children.

No cheap milk for their babies!

Producers won't agree to the Government prices, so only dried milk is available under the official scheme.

Any denial of common benefits is an obvious negation of democracy.

Lights Galore

That raises the old question of why some people are apparently allowed to break the law with impunity.

Kingston-on-Thames residents complain that Surrey County Hall often infringes black-out regulations without the police taking action.

Protests signed by firemen have been sent to the Ministry of Home Security. The local newspaper is openly indignant. Wardens are tired of making futile reports.

You can't afford to let this sense of injustice continue, Mr. Morrison!

Poor Little Man

Oddest effect of evacuation is to be found in Birmingham.

Some tenants in one house were moved to safety three months ago.

Other people in the same house would now like to go, but are told that the area is no longer on the evacuation list.

So one floor of the house is officially regarded as being in a danger zone, the other isn't.

Official who thought this out must be one of those clowns who make us weep rather than laugh.

Whitehall Awakes!

JOHN BULL often tilts against official delay.

But there are signs of hustling in more than one Whitehall department.

War contractor, told by a foreman that goods were being delayed by transport difficulties, wrote to Whitehall to criticise the railways.

He didn't have to wait a month, as you might expect, for a postcard of acknowledgment. Within a few hours two officials telephoned separately for details.

Alas! he then found that the fault was not the railways', but delay by a firm of carters.

"Marshal Law"

Similar promptness is often shown by Whitehall in dealing with complaints forwarded by JOHN BULL. So we confidently ask Miss Ellen Wilkinson to stop this.

Ticket-holders are having to spend nights in raid shelters even when no warning has been sounded.

Shelter marshals, with more zeal than sense, insist that shelterers will lose their regular place unless they claim it each night.

Holes in the Road

No haste is shown yet by local councils in repairing bomb damage.

Craters formed in London streets during the first "blitz" week—three months ago—have not been filled in, even though the job presented no exceptional difficulty.

Scandalously Slow

Salvage is still a scandalously slow affair.

Bombed-out Essex man says his furniture has been left to get wet for nearly eight weeks. No one seems to know whether his house is to be pulled down or patched.

Weather is allowed to rot bedding in Liverpool, the Corporation having failed to waterproof ceilings. The Unemployment Assistance Board refused assistance for furniture removal.

Cannot local authorities realise the danger of arousing public resentment?

It is the Limit!

Bungling is no prerogative of Authority, but private firms have the advantage that their mistakes rarely receive publicity.

London mother wanted to send a parcel to her evacuated child near Bedford. Carter accepted it for delivery; was paid 3s. 6d.

Fortnight later the child's "foster-mother" received a card asking her to travel to London to collect the parcel as her farm was outside the delivery area!

What About This!

Unreasonable to expect that mistakes will not happen. Still more unreasonable not to rectify them!

Eight men were sent by employment exchange to a job twelve miles distant. On arrival the employer said he had not notified any vacancy, kindly offered them a lorry lift part of the way back.

But they had to tramp the remaining seven miles in the rain.

On reporting to the exchange, they received no expression of regret, were merely told to queue up to sign off, and lost a day's "dole."

Mr. Bevin's Job

Further example of this waste of labour is a man with thirty-three years' experience in machine shops, motor engineering and inspection.

For seven weeks he has been vainly attending an employment exchange in a large town.

Well, we are sending both instances to Mr. Bevin.

He'll deal with them, never fear.

Helped by Convicts

Incidentally, Mr. Bevin is being helped by convicts.

Britain's average prison population is 11,000.

Ten thousand prisoners are now on war work, making cartridge-cases, Service mail-bags and so on.

Prisoners of military age have to register, but are not called-up until they have served their sentences.

Miraculous Metal

Another war aid is a miraculous metal, cerrobend, that melts at the temperature of hot water—50 degrees below boiling-point.

When aero engineers test frame tubes or pipe-lines they just pour in cerrobend, which forces a way through cracks and flaws invisible to the eye.

It saves time—and lives.

NOW FOR THE NEXT CUT

Without Fear or Favour by THE EDITOR

WHEN a man or a nation has everything at stake, it may seem strange to talk of economy; and yet, without economy, it is impossible to stake everything.

In this year of destiny the British Commonwealth ought to be staking everything upon winning the war. Man for man and pound for pound, it has to match the desperate wager of Adolf Hitler, who is making his last throw for world dominion.

"No major war," says President Roosevelt, "has ever been won or lost for lack of money."

That is true, but only in one sense. Major wars *can* be won, and can *only* be won, by the sacrifices of the people who wage them.

ALTHOUGH THE TIDE OF FORTUNE SEEMS TO BE TURNING IN OUR FAVOUR, WE SHALL BE CALLED UPON DURING THE COMING YEAR TO MAKE SACRIFICES SUCH AS WE HAVE NEVER MADE BEFORE.

Taxation will soar to new high records. Spending must be restricted. Saving may be made compulsory. We shall all have to buckle our belts a little tighter.

Sir Kingsley Wood, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is conferring with his financial advisers now in order to mobilise our utmost resources.

JOHN BULL warns you that Income Tax is almost sure to be increased in next April's Budget.

And there will be new taxes calculated to squeeze every section of the community except the very poorest.

We do not anticipate any increase in the *rate* of Purchase Tax, but we think it likely that several non-essential articles at present exempt from that tax will be brought within its scope.

Above all, the Government will take steps to reduce spending, and thereby to save cargo space. Production will be further restricted, and the supply of goods in the shops will be still more severely limited.

The Chancellor hopes, no doubt, that the public—with its opportunities for spending thus curtailed—will be glad to lend its increasing surplus to the nation.

JOHN BULL hopes so, too, but we warn you that, unless the present average of national savings, which is roughly £10,000,000 a week, is doubled, a system of compulsory saving is bound to be introduced.

The country needs at least £1,000,000,000 of public savings a year, and, if this sum is not lent willingly, it will have to be obtained by deduction at source from salaries and wage envelopes.

Spending may have to be "rationed" before the year is out. The Government may be obliged to fix a weekly "quota" for every one of us, issuing certificates for food, clothing, rent, travel, and other unavoidable expenditure; such certificates not to be exceeded under severe penalty.

JOHN BULL will not grumble at any restriction of this kind.

We do not think our readers will grumble either, provided all classes are treated alike.

But an ounce of practice is worth a ton of precept—war or no war—and the entire community will be entitled to grumble if the Government's spending departments continue to waste the money which the taxpayer is compelled, or entreated, to save.

Week after week JOHN BULL has been calling attention in this journal to scandalous wastage of public money.

In a prominent article only last week we published the findings of the Manchester Central Markets Sub-Committee.

These showed that, within a period of three months, 1,000,000 lb. of precious food had been condemned as unfit for human consumption.

It would be easy to go into details of a score of similar scandals, but we have done this already in many previous issues.

The "new bureaucracy"—the "high-ups" in all the Service and spending departments, without exception—seem to think that the public is an inexhaustible milch cow.

Each clamours for what it wants, regardless of the general—that is to say the national—need.

And we are frankly appalled at the waste and the overlapping and the bureaucratic profligacy which still goes on from Land's End to John o' Groats.

Here is one trivial incident among thousands, and we publish it on the authority of a member of the Glasgow City Council.

Only the other day officials of the Air Ministry commandeered eighteen tipper trucks from the Housing, Public Assistance and Electricity Departments of the Glasgow Corporation.

All these trucks were being used upon work of urgent national importance. They were taken off that work to be sent to a private contractor in another part of the country.

JOHN BULL wants to know why a private contractor, who is presumably working on a profit basis, should be allowed to borrow modern tip-up trucks from a busy Corporation to fill a Government contract which he evidently would not be able to fill in any other way.

How can the private citizen be expected to exercise maximum economy when, on every side, he can see evidence of glaring public waste?

Take the Army.

We know (and everybody else who takes the trouble to make serious enquiry must know) that millions of tons of foodstuffs are being wasted by the military authorities.

NOBODY wants to let the soldier go short, but nobody in his normal senses can wish to serve him with more than he knows how to eat.

THE STANDARD RATION IS BIGGER THAN THE AVERAGE SOLDIER CAN CONSUME. MOREOVER, IT IS OFTEN SO ABOMINABLY COOKED THAT THE MEN ARE DRIVEN TO THE CANTEENS FOR DECENT FOOD.

AND THE ARMY REFUSE DUMPS STINK TO HIGH HEAVEN OF WASTED BREAD, MEAT, CHEESE AND OTHER FOOD THAT HAS TO BE IMPORTED AT THE RISK OF GALLANT LIVES AND ALMOST IRREPLACEABLE SHIPPING.

Again, before ever the general public can be persuaded to save with good heart and determined purpose, it must be assured that there will be no profiteering.

Who dares to say that there is no profiteering to-day?

JOHN BULL knows that it is rampant.

When the Ministry of Food tells us that the housewife has the remedy largely in her own hands, and that she can put the food price hogs out of business simply by refusing to pay their iniquitous prices, JOHN BULL is inclined to make that derisive noise commonly known as "the raspberry."

THIS is not a matter for the housewife at all. It is a matter for the Government. It has been given ample powers to stamp out profiteering, and, if it cannot use them effectively, then it should call in Scotland Yard and the police throughout the country.

We don't want any more chatter about profiteers; we want action.

Persistent offenders ought to be stripped to the bone and then sent to hard labour to discourage the others.

What the country needs just now more than anything else is one strong and able and honest man to co-ordinate every activity on the home front.

Mr. Churchill cannot cope with everything, and JOHN BULL urges him once more to appoint a second-in-command with supreme power, under the Cabinet, to control the whole of our industrial and economic effort.

To be honest, there are millions among us who have scarcely felt the pinch of war up to the present. They must be made to feel it during 1941.

The cut is coming—the great cut that will strip the country of its superfluities and melt the fat off us, leaving us hard and fit for the fight of our lives.

Immense sums have been spent on appeals to individual thrift, but we cannot recall one single piece of publicity designed to show us how the Government is trying to save the money which the public has to provide.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

For the Future

TOO many people are beginning complacently to assume that none of the things that mattered before the war—in the way of discipline, self-knowledge and self-help—matters any more.

Yet life goes on, whatever may be happening.

We eat and drink and breathe and sleep just as before.

We think just as before.

Our brains are no different.

Our minds need as much care.

What was necessary before is ten times as necessary now.

"Why should I bother to go on stuffing my head with useless knowledge?" said someone the other day. "What good will it ever be?"

What rubbish!

Knowledge is never useless.

Knowledge begets knowledge. Facts engender ideas.

Ideas breed theories. Theories in their turn create new facts.

And how does anyone know that he will not be the one to throw light into some hitherto dark place?

If for no other reason, that is why we should all go on acquiring knowledge whenever we get the chance.

In whatever walk of life we are going to find ourselves, whether now or in the future, knowledge is our only stock of raw material.

Out of that raw material we can shape our lives.

Without it we can do nothing. And our success is going to depend, as always, on the extent and value of the stock.

When the war is over, the world will still continue to hand out the prizes to the best equipped of its inhabitants.

There's as much need as ever there was to prepare for the future.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—You make Britain resemble a miser who would rather beg for alms than sell his gold plate.

You have appealed too quickly for American financial aid.

You should first have made sure that all our financial resources have been mobilised.

We have not yet stripped ourselves for the fight.

We tolerate luxury and extravagance by a few; we allow vested interests to scorn the common sacrifices.

You must remedy these disgraces.

But you are too timorous to compel the banks to lend freely to Defence Loans. You allow war contractors to amass profits in defiance of the Cabinet's pledge that private fortunes would not be swollen by the nation's perils.

There is no ban on luxury.

London restaurants still advertise "air raid luncheons" at 8s. 6d., "black-out dinners" at 10s. 6d., with four courses to each meal.

A poor lunch costs 7s. in Piccadilly, a good one 15s.

Such petty examples typify a scandal that is not confined to London.

Do not think I advocate merely "soaking the rich." I want complete application of all spare money, no matter to whom it belongs, towards the war effort.

It was said at war's outbreak that money would be conscripted as well as men.

This should have been done before going cap in hand to the United States.

Moreover, you should have taken the utmost precautions against extravagant spending by Government Departments.

Waste continues at an incredible rate.

The public has no safeguard against it—except a Parliamentary committee that holds an inquest on accounts months after the money has been spent!

It is not enough to urge economy upon a reluctant officialdom. You must see that it is practised.

In short, every shilling should have been wisely allotted to our needs before giving Uncle Sam the impression that we are nearly bankrupt.—JOHN BULL.

LORD WOOLTON, Minister of Food

MY LORD,—The food ramp goes from bad to worse, despite your efforts to protect the public.

Onions disappeared from the market as soon as prices were controlled.

So did lemons.

Oranges can be bought in only a few districts.

There is evidence of similar rackets in the distribution of eggs and poultry.

There is fear that essential foodstuffs—particularly next year's vegetables—will eventually be "cornered."

Behind wholesalers and retailers is a wealthy, unscrupulous ring of speculators, able to rig the markets.

Clearly, price control is not enough.

Break this infamous conspiracy by the most rigid control of supplies.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. RICHARD LAW, M.P., Financial Secretary, War Office

DEAR SIR,—What, is the Army "broke"? One soldier going on leave was asked to accept 30s. in stamps instead of cash. Post Office, refusing to change them all at once, gave him a savings book to stick them in!

So perhaps it's sheer necessity that makes you hold up the credits of discharged soldiers.—JOHN BULL.

Field-Marshal LORD MILNE, Commandant, Pioneer Corps

MY LORD,—Enough to make an archangel gnash his teeth is the tale of a Pioneer squad that salvaged stores and cleared wreckage from a bombed Midlands hotel.

The work was heavy, hot and dusty. Occasionally the men asked for hot water.

Now the hotel presents a bill for 2s. 6d.—for the hot water.

Well, there must be plenty of old-time N.C.O.s in the Pioneer Corps.

Tell the fiercest of them to interview that hotel manager, and tell him to choose his own language!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. H. RAMSBOTHAM, M.P., President, Board of Education

DEAR SIR,—Hundreds of thousands of youngsters are becoming dunces or hooligans because their schools are shut.

You're eager to keep them off the streets. But you'll merely break your monocle against stony-headed education committees if you depend on persuasion.

Typical is the obstinacy of Lowestoft council, which allows 3,000 children to roam about, and says bluntly that nothing short of compulsion will make it reopen the schools to youngsters who have not been evacuated.

Well, use that compulsion.

Not only London's children deserve a chance to avoid ill-paid illiteracy.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WALTER HIGGS, M.P., Birmingham

DEAR SIR,—Months ago you appealed for an issue of steel helmets to midwives who, despite falling bombs and shell splinters, brave the raids to attend their patients.

But these fine women, on whom mothers depend so much, are still without the protection given to some workers whose jobs are finished before the night raid begins.

Raise your voice in Parliament again.

Constant pinpricks move our Ministers to action more effectively than a single jab.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. CHARLES LATHAM, Leader, London County Council

DEAR MR. LATHAM,—You deserve the praise of millions for burying Mr. Bumble.

Disappearance of the Public Assistance Committee from London means the real end of the Poor Law taint.

The Social Welfare Committee that takes its place will mean a new system as well as a new name.

But old Bumble has numerous relatives in the provinces. Bombed-out people in many towns have been burdened by the cruellest indignities that the stingy, miscalled "public assistance committees" can devise.

They must be scrapped.

Your reform should be imposed on the whole country.—JOHN BULL.

Vice-Admiral BRUCE FRASER, Third Sea Lord

DEAR ADMIRAL,—Marvel at this amazing report sent to me by a Merseyside man:

Pilot boat, ready for her trials, was requisitioned by the Admiralty. Her portholes were covered by steel shutters, water tanks installed on the deck.

Part of the aft structure was taken away, replaced by cabins for cadets.

The interior was painted with white enamel, ornamented by chromium fittings.

Then, it is alleged, the Admiralty decided that it didn't want her.

She went into dry dock, was stripped of the expensive changes, and made ready for sea again.

Then the Admiralty requisitioned her again.

This has been going on for ten months!

I have no reason to doubt any reader's information. Can you disprove it?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. A. DUFF COOPER, M.P., Minister of Information

DEAR SIR,—Lord Lothian's last speech was Churchillian in its oratory, of vital interest because of its facts.

Yet it did not appear—in full—over here until five days after his death.

Surely your Ministry should have made it instantly available.

Any newspaperman will tell you that to get the news is not enough; you must get the news quickly.—JOHN BULL.

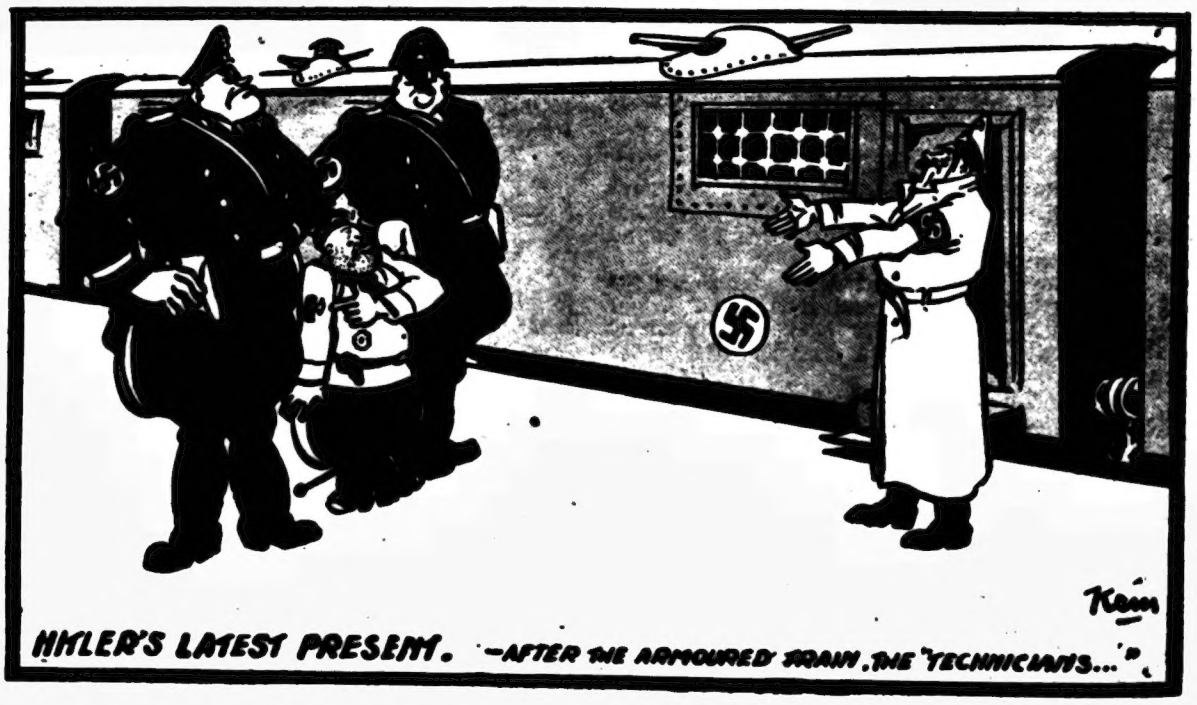
General PAPAGOS, Greek Commander-in-Chief

DEAR GENERAL,—Minor mystery of this war is that not one in ten British persons knows your name.

There's nothing disrespectful about our ignorance; every one of us admires your skill and the courage of your men.

I've no doubt your name will be writ large in history.

Meantime, console yourself with the reflection that a great man's work is even more important than his fame.—JOHN BULL.



WE POUNCED in the DARK

Continuing his epic stories, "OUT WITH THE COASTAL PATROL," Captain Frank Shaw, who has talked to a score of young pilots, describes a "fledgling's" first successful attack on a U-boat.

MOST people are familiar with elementary flying training. A boy, fresh from school, is given a fortnight or so at a depot to collect his uniform and acquire elementary details of drill and discipline; but, as there's more to flying than barrack-square precision of physical movement, mighty little time is wasted in routine preliminaries.

The real work of a pilot is to fly, not drill awkward squads, or be conversant with ceremonial parades or a hot-bird at King's "Regs." and Air Force Law.

Those come later when you're picking up seniority and hoping to get a permanent commission.

Flying Training School is no picnic.

It starts, of course, with lectures on aircraft of varying types.

Handling Controls

These are not so much schoolroom lectures as practical demonstrations.

You rally round the training aircraft, and its idiosyncrasies are explained.

Why it is nose-heavy or a bit heavy on the stick; why it is specially manœuvrable; why its guns are positioned to give a focus of fire at a definite range, which is the aircraft's effective fighting position.

You are allowed in the cockpit to handle the controls and get the feel of the ship.

You are shown the intricacies of the instrument panel, where there are ten times as many gadgets as in a motor-car, and each gadget means something important.

Air-speed, drift, oil-pressure, petrol feed, temperature, oxygen control and inter-communication telephones.

You're put through the hoops in a Link trainer, which reproduces the motions of an aircraft in the air under your own individual control, although it never leaves the ground.

You find out whether you are air-minded and balanced and proof against "black-outs," if you can keep your head when everything seems crashing in chaos around you.

You've been strenuously medically examined before being accepted to see whether your heart is sound and your brain on ice.

Learning to Fly

At Flying Training School you learn to fly a training aircraft.

Not a Spitfire or a Beaufort.

Just a safe old 'bus that you couldn't crash if you tried.

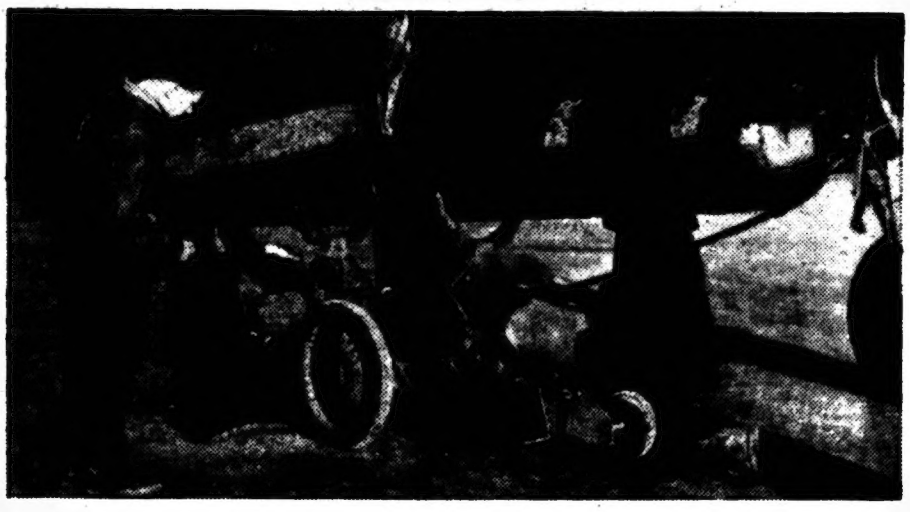
Your flying instructor takes you up with dual controls; gives you confidence, gradually hands the control over to you; teaches you to make satisfactory landings—and the landings are 90 per cent. of successful flying—instructs you in mild aerobatics—always to give you confidence in the machine and yourself.

He teaches you what to do if the engine stalls, or an emergency arises.

Then he hands over to you, and you make your first landing, a throat-drying job.

He's there to steady you if you trip up, but there comes a day when you're listed for "solo," and then you pay the price of your own mistakes.

But you learn to fly—and you learn to make perfect landings under imperfect conditions.



Loading a torpedo into a Bristol Beaufort dive-bomber, favourite among the machines employed by the R.A.F.'s indefatigable Coastal Command. Beauforts were used in the glorious attack on the Italian ships at Taranto

Meantime, you learn all about guns and bombs and torpedoes and emergency repairs in mid-air.

You learn how to recognise an enemy aircraft at a glance, and how each type is flown and fought.

In the end, you can pretty well say how the "Hun" or "Wop" will come for you.

Nowadays they bracket a "resting" active service pilot or two with each school, so that his messroom chats will open your eyes to the real thing; not theories, but cold, experienced facts.

So, what with this and that, you pass out and are posted.

Brains and Brawn

You can count yourself lucky if you're drawn for Coastal Command, because that shows you have brains as well as brawn.

So you go to a "C.C." Squadron, and find you've to start all over again.

I started "C.C." work with aircraft that were listed as non-operational: Wildebeestes.

Good, steady ships, but lacking speed—it would be murder to send them out where Me.109s or 110s might attack them.

I was a pre-war pilot.

We got any amount of useful flying under all conditions, but most of our time was spent in studying the side-issues—the details that make "C.C." so vitally important to the national cause.

On the assumption that when the Show started it would be largely a naval affair, we were intensively trained in attack on ships; first by bomb, then by torpedo.

Bomb-dropping occupied a lot of training time; we loosed off dummies at small targets when diving all-out.

Gradually, as we got the hang of things, a remarkable record of hits was obtained.

But as economy had to be practised, we weren't able to get all the actual flying we wished.

Yet the 'planes at the station were seldom idle, unless the weather was too atrocious.

In non-flying hours we concentrated on tactics.

And navigation.

It was presumed that we might have to fly long distances to seek out enemy ships hiding in snug harbours, and navigation became highly necessary.

A lot more goes to air navigation than you might suppose. Flying at high speed, it is not easy to take celestial observations.

Practice gave me a lot of confidence. Soon I was able to fly arrow-straight to an indicated point, as often as not without seeing a single landmark until the target was spotted.

We flew blind to get us ready for navigating through fog and low cloud, and night-flying was compulsory.

Pre-war life was good.

We were all keen as mustard, and each man had his own pet theory to try and develop.

But, apart from bombing and navigation, there were countless other things to learn.

Defence against enemy attack, both from the air and the ground, or, what we were even more likely to encounter, from hostile ships, fitted with every anti-aircraft device.

Then came torpedo-dropping, which is the trickiest work of all.

To ensure safe delivery of the "mouldies," the aircraft must come down to pretty near water-level, and to do this effectively meant close tuition in diving and estimating heights.

We took risks, of course.

Poor Peter, my great chum, was making a night attack in formation. We went into a dive. The formation-leader pulled out in time, skimming the wave-tops, but Peter, not able to see ahead because the leader was in the way, failed to lift and shot under like a stone.

That was the last we saw of him.

But with cumulative practice we got fairly adroit in handling our aircraft under most conditions.

We were carrying on this training—with intervals of much-enjoyed recreation—when war was declared.

Play had become deadly earnest.

In the beginning our convoy work was routine stuff, simply flying in circles over and around the ships, ready to dive and investigate anything suspicious that showed on the sea.

Normally, the freighters were glad to see us.

Hunting a U-Boat

But there came a night when I was told to go out in search of a U-boat that had been seen waiting for an approaching convoy.

I don't yet know how our Intelligence had got wind of the U-boat's proximity, but they have their ways.

We flashed over the Isle of Wight, making height all the time. I'd already made up my mind as to the best form of attack, and I resolved to put it into execution, if the U-boat appeared.

I'd flown this course scores of times, and the moon, fitful through the clouds, was helpful in letting me identify landmarks.

Although all shore lights were extinguished, it was easy to pick up bearings.

The sea shone like tarnished silver underneath; at times the wave-tops were as bright as if the sun were on them. So that it was fairly easy to distinguish details.

For instance, a long, nebulous streak of white in the distance was pretty obviously the approaching convoy, although it was still a long way away from the point where the U-boat was supposed to be operating.

At the height at which I flew, it seemed possible to see right round the curve of the world.

But my navigator pointed out to me a suspicious object much nearer the rendezvous than was the convoy.

Through night-glasses the object was identified as a U-boat.

We have means of distinguishing our own submarines from the enemy's.

He was surfaced, as cool as a cucumber, probably recharging batteries or allowing his crew recreation.

He was well away from the traffic lane, but evidently preparing to take post at a suitable time.

Silent Dive

It was a chance in a thousand. He didn't seem to have heard us, and, telling the navigator to stand by, I went into a dive, shutting off my engine.

Theory was being put into hard practice. We pounced on the Hun like a seagull on a herring.

When he realised we were coming he tried to make a crash dive, but two bombs straddled his whale-back and kicked him back to the surface.

After that it was easy.

A direct hit was scored on his after-part.

He wallowed a bit, and it was like a big fish fighting for life.

Then he turned over and slid under.

We flew back after notifying the convoy and signalling a shore-base to seek survivors.

Dinner was cold, but what did it matter?

We were made pilots of the Coastal Command, and when the new aircraft became available we were given the first ship to be delivered—a real ship, if you like—a Beaufort.

Training was over, real work had begun.

NEXT WEEK: Attacking a Nazi Convoy.

'TWELVE RIDDLES OF 1941'

TWELVE months ahead—twelve mighty riddles to be solved! "Will Hitler Invade Britain?" "Will America Enter the War?" "What Next in the Air?" "What are Stalin's Plans?"

These, and eight more equally searching questions are put to national and international experts, by the "Daily Herald"

Their answers will make history and are now appearing exclusively in the "Daily Herald."

Do not miss them!

Four pilots of the crack Polish No. 303 "Tadeusz Kosciuszko" fighter squadron who were decorated with the D.F.C. by Air-Marshal W. Sholto Douglas for their bravery in the defence of London. The exploits of the squadron have already become legendary.

Meet the Polish Daredevils

By HARRY GREGSON

MORTALLY wounded, the young Polish pilot lay on the ambulance stretcher. His lean face was twisted in a wry smile that could not be dissolved by pain.

"I got him all the same," said he, "and it was worth it."

When he had used all his ammunition, he had crashed his fighter aircraft into an enemy bomber rather than let the Hun escape.

The two machines, locked in terrible embrace, had fallen in flames. The Nazi bomber crew escaped by using their parachutes, but the impact had crippled the young Pole.

And he died with a triumphant smile.

Crack Squadron

He was typical of the Polish aviators now flying for Britain.

Fighting in our defence, they have already brought down more than three hundred and fifty Nazi aircraft.

There is no swagger about the Poles.

They are, perhaps, not quite so particular about their uniforms as their British comrades, and many of them are considerably older than British fighter pilots, but their enthusiasm is contagious.

When you meet them in the neighbourhood of our aerodromes, in the clubs and hotels of London, or at the Polish Embassy in the West End, they have some thrilling stories to tell.

Four pilots of the crack No. 303 "Tadeusz Kosciuszko" squadron have been decorated with the D.F.C. for destroying forty-four German aircraft, and severely damaging others.

During the defence of London in September the squadron shot down more than 100 German aircraft.

Daily Totals

A Polish sergeant pilot shot down five German aircraft on September 1.

Four days later a Polish fighter squadron destroyed four German fighters and one bomber in the morning: four fighters and three Junkers in the afternoon.

On the following day eight German machines fell to the Poles.

In a battle over London on September 7 a Polish squadron bagged twenty-four bombers and fighters. Thirteen of the thirty-four German machines brought down on September 26 fell to the "Tadeusz Kosciuszko" squadron.

A Polish pilot, sailing into an air battle over Dover, found a Messerschmitt 109 sitting on the tail of a British fighter.

But he shot the German down even before he had time to fire on the British machine.

Then he spotted a Junkers 88 bombing a small town. Down went the bomber before the Polish pilot's guns.

Before the pilot finished his day he sent down two more Messerschmitt 109's and another Junkers 88, making a day's "bag" of five machines.

They Remember

Most of these Polish pilots, some of them wearing the Croix de Guerre on their tunics for exploits in France, go into action with memories of German atrocities in Poland before them.

There was fierce joy in one prematurely grey-haired Polish pilot's eyes as he told me how his Hurricane squadron found forty Dornier 215's, flying at 18,000 ft. toward London.

Out of the forty enemy bombers, and their Messerschmitt fighter escort, the Polish squadron accounted for ten bombers, three fighters certain. Two more Dorniers and two Messerschmitts were probable victims.

Then there is the story of the mechanic who was unloading the bomb rack of a bomber, recently returned from a raid, when the fuse of a flare bomb caught alight.

The safety catch blew out, seriously wounding the mechanic.

Heroic Deed

Despite the pain he seized the bomb and, hugging it to his body with both arms, ran out from under the machine to the landing ground.

He had gone only a few yards when the bomb exploded, inflicting further wounds.

The mechanic knew that the fuse was set for four seconds.

He could have escaped by taking cover behind a rampart, but he deliberately risked his life to save the machine and his three comrades.

It is said that once two Poles took off in a training 'plane with surreptitiously obtained bombs and dumped them on Germany.

HERE IS THE TRUE HUMANITY

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

THE young Canadian—one of two I had invited to share my Christmas dinner—said he'd be delighted to come along, but on one condition.

What was that, I asked, not without suspicion, for some of these Canadians, with their youthful vigour and alert mentality, sometimes have ideas a little at variance with our staider outlook on life.

The Canadian—his name is Larry and he quotes Chaucer, Spenser and Shakespeare with rare eloquence—explained that relatives in England and in Montreal had sent him Christmas parcels.

* * *

One contained an iced cake; the other such delicacies as tinned chicken and chocolate.

Would I take those parcels and see that they reached some poor family who had been bombed out of their home?

If I wouldn't do that, then he wouldn't have dinner with me.

I protested. Why not share his parcels among some of his pals who were not so well off?

"Listen," said Larry. "We've had a swell time in this country.

"We've been treated well; we're still alive after a year of war. We get good grub, more than enough.

"And," he went on, "that's not all. The way the poor people of London have stood up to the bombs is just great.

"If my parcels can give them a bit of happiness, they're going to have them."

I promised Larry that his parcels would gladden the Christmastide of some poor family in the East End of London.

From such acts of gratitude and unselfishness are forged the true links of Empire.

In distant countries thousands of miles away the people of the great Dominions call to the people of Britain—deep calling to deep.

* * *

In a common cause the nations of the Commonwealth stand four-square, not only against aggression; they stand for tolerance, Christian charity and warm understanding.

The "shoddy" British Empire which was to disintegrate at the first crack of the Hitlerian whip is knit more firmly than at any time in its history.

It is cemented by the love of freedom and by the hatred of persecution — a cement which Hitler lacks in his vainglorious efforts to build a "New Order" in Europe.

* * *

Can anything be more inspiring than the thought that comforts sent from a Montreal home should find their way to an East End family who have suffered and endured the horrors of the air blitz?

Is anything more calculated to keep the Empire a vital living force in world affairs than such thought for others as the Canadian soldier showed?

Here is the true humanity.

An Empire without such grace could not survive.

A body of nations banded together for selfish aims and greedy purpose has no justification in itself.

But an Empire which throws into the fight for civilisation the best of its sons, the whole of its resources, the whole of its effort, material, mental and spiritual, cannot help but endure.

It is the spearhead of the greatest crusade of all time.

It is the answer to the prayer of all who cherish liberty and love and sympathy.

An Empire, like man, cannot live by bread alone. Its existence must be based on the humanities.

* * *

A large and grandiloquent theme to develop on the act of one Canadian soldier?

Maybe.

But the greatest Teacher drew His finest lessons from the small things in life—from the falling sparrows, the ear of corn, the fisherman's net.

All the great things in life are in the hearts of the people.

If the heart be right, if in it there is charity and understanding, then the body politic is right.

So it is with the heart of Empire.

It beats firmly and evenly today.

Its pulse is measured to the sound of freedom's bugle, and its steady, confident tattoo will echo in history as the roll of victory.

Mr. ROOSEVELT Takes His Coat Off!

By A. G. GARDINER

FAVOURABLE omens open the year of Decision. We have knocked Mussolini to the ropes. We have broken the Axis. We have defeated Hitler in the first Battle of Britain. We have won a brilliant ally in Greece. We have smashed the threat to the Suez. We are masters of the Mediterranean.

Most auspicious of all, President Roosevelt has taken his coat off.

I call this the most auspicious fact of all, because—as Lord Lothian said in that memorable appeal which came from him on the brink of the grave—it depends on the speed and energy with which America acts whether victory is won in 1942 "or earlier."

And the speed-up at Washington justifies us in the confidence that it will be "earlier."

YOU can measure the alarm with which that speed-up is viewed in the enemy's camp by the threat which Matsuoka—at the inspiration of Hitler—has launched against Roosevelt.

He knows that Japan's game in China and the Pacific is up if Hitler's gamble in Europe and the Atlantic is lost, and he seeks to scare Roosevelt from aiding Britain in the Atlantic by threatening him with war in the Pacific.

But the bluff is idle. America's economic stranglehold on Japan makes it idle. And Roosevelt's action in sending loans and material to China—like our action in opening the Burma road and also lending money to Chiang-Kai-Shek—shows that he is not scared by the menaces of Matsuoka.

There is another respect in which those menaces are to be welcomed. They have clarified the position in the mind of the American people.

They have killed "isolation" by showing that the cause of gangsterism is world-wide, and that the fate of America, as much as the fate of the British Commonwealth, is being decided in the Atlantic and around the shores of Europe.

THIS is no new discovery for President Roosevelt. He has seen throughout that this is a death grapple between barbarism and civilisation for the possession of the world.

He has seen that if Hitler wins, Western civilisation perishes over the whole earth.

But he had to move cautiously until his very mixed population—German, Italian, Irish, Scandinavian, as well as English—saw the red light and realised that their existence as a free people was at stake.

His own sympathies have never been in doubt, and with great foresight he paved the way for action.

His "cash-and-carry" expedient broke the ice. It undermined the "isolation" position and enabled America to help to supply our armies.

He negotiated with Canada a scheme for the common defence of the North American continent.

Then, always with the Nazi peril in view, he consolidated all the American republics, North and South, in a single defensive system. Next he bartered his idle destroyers for air bases in the British West Indies.

Meanwhile, with conscription and a vast armaments programme, he was putting the United States on a war footing against the storm that would burst on America if the British Fleet ceased to hold the Atlantic.

NOW, armed with the authority of a third term election, he stands at the head of a nation no longer in doubt, as that singular person, Mr. Joe Kennedy, once said it was, as to "what the war is about."

AND MR. ROOSEVELT'S BOLD AND DECISIVE ACTIONS IN THE PAST WEEKS HAVE CAUSED COLD FEET FROM BERLIN TO TOKYO.

For, short of actual intervention, the United States is now in the war up to the hilt on our side. Whether it ultimately comes in as a combatant is for the moment irrelevant

It is not men that we want at this stage. It is the material of war—aeroplanes, ships, guns, tanks, shells.

And this material we are to have up to the ever-growing capacity of the United States to produce, and without any tiresome financial considerations to impede the flow.

The portent is not lost on Hitler. His one chance of winning the war is to knock out Britain before the full weight of the Nasmyth hammer of American production can be brought into play.

This means invasion at all costs and at the earliest possible moment. Hitler has no other alternative. He must win all or lose all on the throw.

The moral for us and for America is imperative. That we shall weather the immediate storm I do not doubt. But having weathered it, we must be ready to clinch the matter finally with an overwhelming blow that will send the Satanic hosts reeling into the abyss.

That blow calls for the instant mobilisation of all the forces at our command. It calls especially for the immediate and unrestricted co-operation of the two great English-speaking democracies. Upon them falls the duty of saving the liberty of the world.

IF THEY HAD CO-OPERATED TWO YEARS AGO THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN NO WAR. IF THEY CO-OPERATE TO THE MAXIMUM NOW, THEY CAN END THE WAR, NOT IN 1942, BUT "EARLIER."

How is that co-operation "to the maximum" to be effected?

Readers of JOHN BULL will remember an article I wrote in these columns two years ago on Mr. Clarence Streit's "Union Now." Mr. Streit, an eminent American journalist stationed at Geneva, saw the gates of Hell opening upon the world, and wrote his agonised appeal to the British and American Commonwealths for "union now" to save civilisation from destruction.

IN vain. We were still babbling "appeasement" America was still babbling "isolation."

And the catastrophe came. The Powers of Hell swept resistless upon a world that was like a distracted flock of sheep.

We failed to save the world from ruin, but we can still redeem it from slavery. We and America can redeem it by doing now what we should have done then. We can redeem it by giving it the inspiration of a united leadership against the hell-hounds of barbarism.

Together our might is invincible, our resources inexhaustible. The material wealth of three continents is at our command.

THE PEOPLES OF THREE CONTINENTS ARE PASSIONATELY WITH US. CHINESE AND INDIANS, ARABS AND HOTTENTOTS, AS MUCH AS THE WHITE MAN EVERYWHERE.

The islands of the utmost seas are ours. The seas themselves are ours. The combined navies of Britain and the United States hold the oceans of the world unchallenged. We have the potentialities of war—oil, gold, industrial production—in overwhelming preponderance.

ABOVE all, we have the cause that through all the ages has stirred men to great deeds and illimitable sacrifice—the cause of freedom, of law, of justice, of equality; of the Christian civilisation.

Think of the effect of a declaration that the British and American Commonwealths as one people were in this business inexorably to the end. It would fall like the sound of doom on the barbarians.

It would send a thrill through all the devastated lands—Poland, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France.

In assuring them of deliverance it would inspire them to action. Its effect in Spain, in the Balkans, in Turkey, in China, in Italy, would be fatal to Hitler.

ENEMIES of the tyrant at home would take fresh courage, and the vile Gestapo would break down under the strain of revolt. Hitler's whole conspiracy might well break down under the impact of the blow.

And the consequences would not end with the war. They would shape the peace that is to follow the war. They would gather round our banner all the free peoples of both hemispheres from China to Peru.

We should become the nucleus of that world of free, self-governing institutions, sustained by international law and protected from aggression by an international police that it is our aim to establish.

THIS IS THE MOST CREATIVE MOMENT IN HISTORY. A NEW WORLD ORDER IS COMING TO BIRTH.

Hitler's purpose is to base it on slavery and *Mein Kampf*. Ours is to base it on the freedom of the human spirit and the Bill of Rights.

If the two great English-speaking Commonwealths join hands the issue is not in doubt.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' PAGE

200,000 SHOPS FACED WITH RUIN

TWO hundred thousand small shopkeepers are faced with ruin. They are being forced to exchange moderately comfortable circumstances for what amounts to poverty.

They are being asked to sacrifice all they had in the national war effort, not because it is essential that they should go out of business, but because there is unfairness in the distribution of confectionery.

This is what has happened.

There were 230,000 sweet shops in Great Britain; in a year they sold £65,000,000 worth of confectionery.

Many of them realised that war time conditions would inevitably put an end to their businesses.

They accepted the inevitable.

Yet they are suffering not because there are no sweets for them to sell, but because the Ministry of Food's "Priority Regulations" direct supplies that should go to their shops to official canteens, where they often remain untouched for weeks.

Thirty per cent. of these small shopkeepers are ex-soldiers, now too old for service, and the widows of men who died in the last war.

Their shops represent their living.

Without sweets to sell, they might as well put up the shutters and consider themselves ruined.

The able-bodied and willing among them did not fear this at first.

They realised that what was tantamount to a luxury trade must suffer tremendously in a war. They walked out of their shops eager to help in the war effort.

It was only when they reached the employment exchanges that their world began to rock. Met by blank faces and bewildered clerks, they realised that there was still no channel through which the overflow of man-power in the country could be directed so that it would do the most good.

Having lost their businesses through muddle, they found that they must languish in a stagnant pool, where man-power is allowed to lie idle when it should be helping to turn the wheels of industry faster.

That's when they began to realise the iniquity of the Ministry of Food's regulations, which stipulate that Army stores, industrial canteens, Y.M.C.A. canteens, and similar Army depots must be supplied first, civilian retailers last.

Under war-time rationing, manufacturers receive only 50 per cent. of the sugar they were allowed in pre-war days, and most of their output is absorbed by the "priority system" orders.

Nobody could object to this system in the last war.

Service men were taking the brunt of the fighting. They deserved all the luxuries they could get to compensate for the conditions in which they were fighting for their lives—and their country.

BUT now civilians—even the smallest children—are not only suffering the same hardships and dangers as most soldiers and Air Force men, but also they are being deprived of small comforts.

A woman may have to do without her favourite toffee because a soldier, probably billeted in her house, may buy what he likes at the Army canteen.

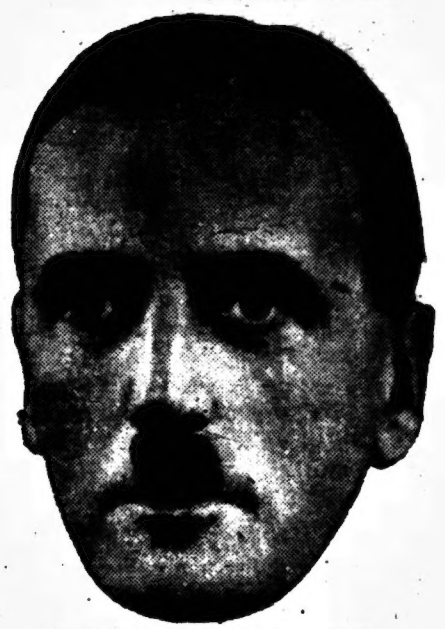
Yet they are both in the same danger; both must risk death in air raids; both must work equally hard to assist the war effort.

If all the supplies directed to these canteens at works and in camps were needed, it would be different

But they are not.

While bottles remain empty in sweet shops, crates of sweets lie unopened at canteens.

When soldiers are told in sweet shops that they can have only two small bars of chocolate they say, "but we can get as much as we like in the canteen."



Mr. R. de la Bere, M.P., condemned this muddle in the House as "a grave scandal"

And the manager of a canteen at a Northern factory told a reporter that he sells £50 worth of sweets every day to the workers.

Meantime, a meeting in Liverpool, held as a protest against the Ministry's regulations, revealed that 3,000 small shops in that district alone would have to close within the next few weeks unless restrictions were considerably lessened.

During the last fortnight many shopkeepers have found the position a little easier, but the trade is still in such a chaotic condition that many of the 7,000 manufacturers are thinking of stopping their machinery and belting their doors.

Statistics show that bankruptcies—and county court judgments—are more common among people in the sweet trade than ever before.

"THIS is the dullest Christmas I've ever known," one South London shopkeeper told a JOHN BULL man, "and I've been here thirty-six years."

He refused six customers to every one he served, and hadn't seen a slab of chocolate for weeks.

A year ago his stock was worth £200, but now he has difficulty in getting a £6 order through.

He was considering "shutting shop."

At present there is no adequate machinery that wholesalers and retailers in this trade can use to fight the unfair conditions imposed on them.

But local deputations have told the Ministry that unless they were allowed to control their own distribution, hundreds of traders in such places as Manchester, Glasgow, Cardiff and Belfast would close down.

Raid Claims Chaos

WHEN war broke out, the Government decided that traders must insure their stocks so that when they were bombed-out they would be compensated and could get going again right away.

All traders ... foodstuffs must insure their stocks with the Board of Trade through an insurance company if they were worth £200 or more.

Traders in commodities other than foodstuffs were forced to insure if their stocks were valued at £1,000 and over.

Companies as Agents

The Government made ordinary insurance companies its agents. They were to collect the premiums of 10s. per cent. —later reduced to 5s. (and then raised again to 7s. 6d.)—and hand them over to the Government for commission.

"If a trader is bombed-out," it was announced, "he will notify his insurance company immediately and will present a properly formulated claim, showing the exact detailed value of the loss, within seven days.

"He will give the estimated salvage value of all goods damaged but not sufficiently destroyed so as to have no further market value."

And a dozen or so Civil Servants were at first left to administer the biggest insurance business the world has ever known.

Prosperous Scheme

The scheme prospered. Premiums rolled in at the rate of £1,000,000 a week.

And the Civil Servants in the Board of Trade's War Risks Insurance Department waited for things to happen. Things began to happen—fast!

Tradesmen all over the country were bombed-out. The department was flooded with claims and with thousands of letters on technical points that no one seemed able to answer.

The Board of Trade then increased the staff to clear up the terrific muddle caused through its having failed to prepare a proper claims department.

It took on thirty more inexperienced Civil Servants, of whom some twenty-two were typists and clerks.

Claims files were mislaid. More were pushed over to new clerks without any check.

No one knew whether Clerk A or Z was dealing with any particular claim.

Meantime, traders whistled for their money, lost customers, and, unless they had money put away, had to borrow.

Insurance companies helped clients to make claims as fool-proof as possible. There was little excuse for delay.

With this help the Board usually manages to pay claims of less than £100 within a month.

But that does not mean a month after the bomb fell.

Large claims arise because a trader's premises are in ruins, and all his stock and books are buried under the débris.

Compensation Delayed

Until all that dirt is cleared a tradesman cannot discover how much of his stock has been destroyed; he can't, in fact, present a proper claim.

There is still great delay in clearing away debris.

Few of the large claims that resulted from the September "Blitz" have been properly formulated yet, let alone paid.

Meantime, traders are out of business. Their staffs are out of work. They can't get more stock on credit until the Board of Trade settles up.

There is urgent need for immediate revision of the War Risks Insurance Act to permit the Board of Trade to advance traders enough to set themselves up in business again, pending final settlement.

There is also need for an immediate Government-backed credit system for bombed-out traders.

And local authorities must clear business sites immediately.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

My Guinea award this week goes to Mr. J. Cartwright, of Westbury Place, Hunslet, Leeds, 10, who sent me some interesting facts about a new trade problem with which I hope to deal editorially in the early future.

Huby Gets Four Years

"J. W. WILSON AND SONS" Coppergate, York, used to advertise businesses for sale. Its proprietor, who called himself James Wallace Wilson, but whose real name is Francis Barton Huby, promised to negotiate loans for clients. What he actually did was to hang on to their money until forced to disgorge.

It gave me pleasure to warn readers against him both in these columns and by post.

Recently, at Leeds Assizes, he was indicted on charges of fraudulent conversion. Mr. Justice Tucker, in sending him to four years' penal servitude, said it was difficult to imagine a more despicable kind of offence than that which he had committed.

Some of his victims were badly swindled, and I am naturally glad that I was helpful in bringing about his timely arrest.

HOUSEWIVES, whose husbands or sons and daughters cycle to work, should be on the look-out for swindlers who pose as Government servants and go from door to door asking for "overdue cycle tax."

They tell plausible stories, say that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has announced on the wireless that half a crown a year is now charged on all cycles used to and from places of employment, and demand payment there and then.

One crook has been particularly busy in the West Midlands.

I Saw for Myself

MEN WHO PLAN THE RAIDS

By Maurice Fagence

EVERYBODY from the Minister down was looking pleased with himself when I called at the Ministry of Economic Warfare.

Not that they had knocked another slice off the already scanty Nazi loaf.

How they resent the popular idea that their one job is keeping the German cupboard bare!

They were smiling because they had carried out their *umpteenth* bombing raid on the ill-fated railway marshalling yards at Hamm.

Sticks of the heaviest calibre bombs, well-aimed at one of the world's biggest conglomerations of railway lines, had turned trainloads of German war stores into raw materials again.

Well-Kept Secret

No, I have not written Ministry of Economic Warfare in mistake for Air Ministry.

What I am authorised to tell you in this article has for many months been among the best-kept secrets of this war.

Two Ministries co-operate in bombing Germany.

That is why the job is being so well done.

In the words of an Economic Warfare man who showed me the inner workings of his Ministry: "*We put the great German industrial targets on the tee, and our excellent bombing crews of the R.A.F. knock them off again.*"

It can be put another way.

The R.A.F. sees that its bombs hit that famous goods depot that has put the term "marshalling yard" into the English language, *but who sees that the depot is crowded with loaded trucks when the bombers arrive overhead!*

The Ministry of Economic Warfare!

I must lift the curtain slowly on these hush-hush operations, as one does on all good things.

In one set of offices of the Economic Warfare Ministry sit men borne down by mountains of statistics.

Quick Answers

If you ask them where any particular German commodity is produced they can tell you in a flash.

If you ask how that particular commodity reaches some other factory where it is embodied in a bigger war product, they will tell you just as quickly.

If you ask them where the Germans will have to produce a substitute if that particular factory is bombed, they will even know that.

Should you next wonder what alternative route or method of transport will have to be used if something should go wrong with the other, you will get your answer.

The significance of all that to our Bomber Command is obvious. But there are scores of thousands of other facts not so readily apparent.

I was told, for instance, that there are seven civilians behind every German soldier.

And as there are seventy soldiers behind every tank, you can work out the number of men required to keep a German tank in the field.

Also it takes one hundred and seven German men to keep a German aircraft in service.

These statisticians know not only how many men are behind each part of the Nazi war machine, but how many commodities, and how much of each commodity.

People who depend on these statistics are the Intelligence Department men of the Ministry of Economic Warfare.

They find "Jerry" is using a lot of copper.

German copper plants are therefore given attention by the R.A.F. just when it is highly inconvenient for them to be bombed.

The R.A.F. boys don't waste their bombs on the railways serving those copper plants when there is no longer any copper travelling over them.

Statisticians find out what materials will be used to replace copper with aluminium, or to evolve an *ersatz* metal, and then the R.A.F. "drop" in on the factory making those materials.

The Ministry of Economic Warfare experts have actually created bottlenecks of production in Germany to force masses of lorries on to a particular set of roads.

Then the Royal Air Force has bombed the roads—and the oil dumps serving the transport—just at the right minute.

Just at the right minute!

The Nazi Method

There is no bombing of a whole city because there was a particular factory in it when war broke out—a factory that may have been moved hundreds of miles since.

That is the Nazi way of bombing.

When our boys bomb lorries off the roads, the alternative means of transport is a certain railway.

Just at the right moment, British bombers go over to bomb the railways—and the coal stocks on which the goods trains depend.

Air Ministry and Ministry of Economic Warfare in co-operation do this with such perfect timing that marshalling yards get congested with trains that just can't go anywhere.

Then the R.A.F. bombs the marshalling yards.

One night the R.A.F. fired petrol dumps all over Germany.

The next night they bombed granaries.

Why granaries?

Because the Germans make petrol out of wheat and some kind or another of alcohol out of any kind of grain.

Even out of potatoes.

So we bomb potatoes, too.

A Minor Aim

Robbing the German of his lunch is one of the smallest of our war aims.

We know he is making his fats into explosives, his milk into plastics, and so into aeroplanes and other war machines.

We know that he is really plundering his own cupboard to keep his war-machine turning over.

That's why the Ministry of Economic Warfare stops food going to Germany. That's why it will direct the R.A.F. to any factory turning food into munitions.

Not allowed to leave a bombed area, bewildered Berliners wait for instructions. They may have to carry some of the debris away with them

SWAFFER Lifts the Lid

COULD WE NEGOTIATE PEACE?

● I read in "Peace News" that as, if Germany defeated Britain by destroying her shipping, she would merely be master of a ruined Europe, "I believe the German response to a reasonable statement of peace aims by the British Government would be surprising."

But the only peace aims on which the British Government can decide—and they are now being drawn up for publication in a White Paper—would include freedom for Czecho-Slovakia, freedom for Poland, freedom for Norway, freedom for Holland, freedom for Belgium and freedom for France.

As this would rob Germany of all her gains in the war, how on earth could Hitler agree with them?

People who talk of a negotiated peace cannot understand that there is no one with whom you could negotiate it.

Nor do they face up to what, in their hearts, they must know, that Hitler's word could not be accepted on anything; that he has always boasted that treaties were made to be broken.

WILL MUNICIPALITIES SURVIVE THE WAR?

● Many things have been destroyed by bombs beside the buildings. One of them is our blind faith in the idea that our system of local government has been established permanently.

Well, the Blitz has lain bare the fact that it is old-fashioned.

The Britain of to-morrow must be governed, we have learned, in a regional way—that is, with councils controlling areas large enough for proper planning to take place, areas in which local rivalries will disappear.

We are facing an age of planning, and in that you can have neither small ideas nor small councils.

WILL WINSTON'S BROADCAST SUCCEED?

● Most dramatically, Winston appealed, on the eve of Christmas, to the Italian people to throw over Mussolini, who had betrayed them.

He virtually called on the King, the Crown Prince, the leaders of the Army and the Navy, the heads of the Civil Service, and the disillusioned workers, to dethrone their tyrant and end a war in which they had no heart.

The value of the Premier's message was in its reassurance that Britain had no quarrel with the Italians; that the war was caused by "One man."

It was probably the most important broadcast ever made.

WHAT DOES AMERICA THINK NOW?

● A brilliantly informed American, who has just arrived from New York, tells me that, a few months ago, his fellow-countrymen generally feared that we should be defeated.

After London withstood the Blitz, such phrases as "Can Britain win?" and "If Britain wins" were heard.

Then, suddenly, the news of our almost miraculous victory in Libya so strengthened hopes born of Greece's resistance that America now considers our victory only a matter of time.

IS "THE GREAT DICTATOR" TOO LATE?

● Some people have said this.

Actually, the idea of the film was born in Charlie Chaplin's mind four years ago, when I stayed with him in California.

Then it was held up for a long time, because he is the most dilatory artist the films have ever known.

The truth is that when all the artists and authors and publicists of the world had failed to put over a message, the lesson of "The Great Dictator" was born of Chaplin's long-established convictions.

When the poets were silent, it was left to a clown to express what was in the mind of all decent people everywhere.

The speech at the end, when Chaplin bursts into an appeal for human brotherhood, would never be too late, or too early.

☆ The smoky heat of battle lifts a man to heights of unsuspected bravery. But this war has created heroes, civilians for the most part, who have taken incredible risks when there was no battle cry to blind them to danger. And this new series of "blitz" epics will reveal the calm courage of these heroes

Deeds that Will Neve

By FRANK S

"WHOOSH!"

Above the thunder of a "blitz" night in London people in a suburban street heard the whistle of a falling bomb. While the sky vibrated with the shock of gunfire, an explosion tore through that street like the blast of heat that comes with the opening of a furnace door.

When the welter of flying debris and swirling brickdust had cleared there was a gap in the line of houses.

Roof tiles, walls, floorboards, pitiful odds and ends of furniture, battered beds, pictures, toys and books were cascading into a jagged hole in the street.

Down with his house went Thomas Prunell, a quiet, inoffensive hospital-collector.

When the rubble had stopped crashing on top of him, and the smoke and dust cleared a little, he tried feebly to escape.

But he could not move hand or foot.

He looked at a small segment of starlit sky.

He was pinned at the bottom of a deep crater, and fallen bricks buried the whole of him except his head.

A network of crazy beams and a great ragged length of leaning wall hung poised far above him in the night sky.

There was a large bomb-splinter in his leg, causing agony that was passing into dreadful numbness, and was slowly draining away his lifeblood.

Only a foot or two from his motionless head was a jagged beam, burning furiously, singeing his eyebrows and hair, roasting his cheek and scalp.

In agony and terror, Prunell shut his eyes.

In the street, the rescue gangs were at work, steady, swift, intent, heeding the flash of near-by explosions no more than summer lightning.

Going from group to group was a London doctor—we know his type so well!—iron-grey, quiet, steely, carrying his little black bag.

He stooped here, gave instructions there, kneeled with impeccably creased trousers in blood and dust, carrying healing, courage, sympathy, relief from pain.

"There's a man alive at the bottom here," he said, craning over the crater in which Prunell was trapped. In the light of the burning wood he had seen the victim's eyes move.

The only part of him that could move at all.

"Can't do much, I'm afraid, sir," someone shouted. "Look at that bit of wall up there; look out, sir—it's coming down!"

But the doctor did not move, and the huge piece of wall over his head shook and became still.

"I'm going down. Bring that crane here!"

"You can't get down there!" they gasped. "Besides, look at that bit of wall. . . ."

But this man was accustomed to the instant obedience of the operating theatre.

Something in his eyes, or his voice, or the poise of his head, made them wheel the light crane to the edge of the crater.

Putting his black bag down in the shelter of the crane, the doctor took from it a morphia syringe and filled it.

A sudden cascade of bricks a foot behind his back failed to cause the slightest tremor in his hands.

The men round the crane muttered to each other.

The hole was twelve or fifteen feet deep, but so narrow that if the doctor went down there, he would not have the slightest chance of bending down to attend to the victim.

And any effort at getting a foothold at the bottom must mean setting his feet on the trapped man's head.

* * *

THE doctor glanced round to see that everything was ready.

He took off his jacket, folded it, laid it down, and rolled up his sleeves.

Then he lay down by the crane.

"Fasten on my feet," he said quietly.

The men stared at him.

There came the double crash of two bombs in the next street, and a rumble of falling masonry.

"Be quick, please!"

They did as they were bid.

They turned the wheels so that the doctor was drawn, feet upwards, into the air.

Presently his head was clear of the ground and he dangled upside down in the smoky, flame-tinged air under the half-obliterated stars.

"Right—swing me round and lower away."

They obeyed, hypnotised, watching the tottering wall above them out of the corners of their eyes.

Steadily, spinning a little on the end of the chain, the doctor was lowered head first into the hole. Down—down—down . . .

"Stop!" he called abruptly.

Leaning over the edge they watched him reach out and touch Prunell's head.

With his index finger he felt for the place in which to insert the needle; eased it gently into the flesh of the victim's neck; and with even, unhurried pressure, drove the plunger home.

The men above wondered why he had not first of all tried to extinguish the burning beam.

It was frizzling his hair and singeing the shoulder of his shirt.

But he needed that light to work by.

He withdrew the syringe, and, swinging round by his heels, placed a bare hand over the flame, crushing it steadily out.

Then he let them pull him up.

As he swung above the crater, still head down, there was a subdued cheer.

They released him, and helped him to his feet.

He replaced his syringe in his bag; dusted off some singed hair; rubbed at his black face; gravely thanked the men at the crane; and turned away towards other victims who lay on stretchers awaiting his attention.

"I shall give another injection at 4 a.m.," he said.

He might have been speaking to a nurse in a silent, well-appointed hospital ward, instead of in a bomb-shattered street.

"By God," muttered a tough little Cockney at the crane, "I seen some 'eroes. . . ."

They all glanced up at that massive section of leaning wall, wondering whether the

Out of the chaos of destruction, the rescue party heroes bring yet another man who will always pay tribute to their inspiring courage. These are the men now performing Deeds that Will Never Die . . .

...er Die

...K STUART

broken beams on which it hung would keep it there till 4 a.m.

Swiftly, taking infinite risks that always "came off," fearlessly, the gang got to work shifting the rubble, trying to get down to the man who lay, soothed by the morphia, at the bottom of the pit.

They dug and levered and shovelled and tore out incredible obstacles with their bare hands.

They got down towards Prunell, lying with only his head showing and that dreadful sector of wall shaking above them all.

But they were still unable to reach him when 4 a.m. came.

* * *

PROMPT to the minute, as though making a professional call, the grey doctor arrived.

"I'm sorry, sir," the Cockney muttered. "We thought we'd 'ave saved you a second trip."

The doctor smiled for the first time.

"You've done wonderfully!" he said, as he lay down by the crane.

They swung him up into the air, head down.

They lowered him steadily into the pit.

Once more he injected morphia into Prunell's neck. He stayed for a few moments talking to the trapped man.

While he was down there, a bomb from one of the last of the raiders exploded just behind the ruined building, and the mass of masonry above them gave a loud, ominous crack, and leaned more than a foot further out of the perpendicular.

The men above saw Prunell's eyes turn upwards, but the doctor, hanging upside down beside him in that death-trap, went on quietly talking.

Presently he came up.

"He'll do, now," he said, as he put on his jacket and flicked some dust off it. He glanced up. "I think you'll just about get him out before it comes down. Good luck."

And he walked quietly away, out of this story and out of sight, unrewarded, undecorated, worthy of his Hippocratic Oath, a knight without armour who had performed one of the most gallant deeds on the scroll of fame.

Two minutes after they released the trapped man, while he was lying in the street he had never hoped to regain, waiting for an ambulance, the tottering wall collapsed with a tremendous roar, filling the hole from which he had been plucked and covering it with a ten-foot-high mound of rubble and smashed wood.

They took Prunell to the near-by hospital for which he used to collect, and got him into bed. . . .

Next week
TWO MEN AGAINST THE ATLANTIC.

Willi Frischauer Asks—

CAN HITLER ESCAPE?

NOBODY doubts that Germany will be beaten.

But how would you feel if, after a German defeat, Hitler, Goering, Goebbels and the rest were able to escape?

During the last few days I have put this question to a great number of people—diplomats, politicians, lawyers and to the "man-in-the-street" of the bomb-scarred British towns.

All of them, without exception, burst out in indignation.

"He must not escape!" they said. "He cannot escape!"

They revolted at the thought that, this war having been won, Hitler should emulate the example of the Kaiser, that he should be able to flee and reach a neutral country and, henceforth, lead the life of a wealthy political refugee, defying the curse of mankind, secure against extradition and all attempts to bring him to justice for his crimes against civilisation.

Yet, the Kaiser's feat after the last war and several indications that Hitler and his lieutenants may contemplate taking to their heels if they fail, has led me to examine most seriously and carefully a question which thousands are asking:

"Can Hitler escape?"

Ready to Go!

There is ample evidence that the Nazi leaders from Hitler downwards have smuggled huge amounts of money into neutral countries as a precaution against "rainy days."

Goering, Goebbels, Ribbentrop, the Labour Leader Ley, Seyss-Inquart, Frank, they all have big banking accounts in North and South American banks.

Hitler and Goering—and very likely Ribbentrop and Goebbels as well—are known to hold their own transatlantic airliners, complete with crew, in readiness night and day, prepared to take off at a few minutes' notice.

Everyone of these airliners could hold 20 or 30 leading Nazis.

If, under transport conditions so many years ago, the Kaiser was able to get away, there is nothing to stop Hitler and his gang disappearing in the air when their hour has struck.

Even though the war may yet spread before it comes to a close, there will certainly be some neutral countries left in which Hitler could find refuge.

I have even heard it mentioned that the diplomats of a certain country are dead certain that it will not be involved in war because Hitler and Goering are said to have selected it as a prospective basis for a come-back if they should be forced to flee.

You will say that every civilised country would extradite Hitler, even if he succeeded in making a get-away.

I would not be so sure of that.

Once the fury of war has abated, legalistic arguments may again take precedence over the strongest moral rights.

It happened with the Kaiser!

I have in front of me, as I write, two historic documents from the last war: the Treaty of Versailles and the correspondence between the Supreme Council of the Allies and the Dutch Government.

He Caused a War

They both deal with the person of the Kaiser—"Hitler of the last war"—and the attempts to mete out justice to the man who caused the war.

Remember the position then, and you will be struck by the similarity of the problem.

It will fortify you in the conviction that something must be done now to prevent Hitler escaping as the Kaiser escaped.

Paragraph 227 of the Treaty of Versailles said:

"The Allied and Associated Powers publicly indict Wilhelm II of Hohenzollern, ex-Kaiser of Germany, for the supreme crimes against international morals and the sanctity of the treaties.

"A special Court is to be formed to try the accused, who will be guaranteed the right of defence.

"The Court will be constituted of five judges to be nominated by the following five Powers (one judge by each): U.S.A., Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan.

Wanted Sanctuary

"The Court's judgment will be inspired by the highest principles of international politics and will aim at securing respect for international moral and international obligations.

"It will mete out punishment according to its findings."

So far paragraph 227 of the Versailles Treaty.

It contained a special reference to Holland, where Wilhelm had sought refuge, and stated that a request would be sent to the Dutch Government to extradite the ex-Kaiser.

World opinion was strongly in favour of drastic measures against the Kaiser. Lloyd George admirably expressed public sentiment with his outcry: "Hang the Kaiser!"

Yet, what happened?

The justified clamour for the Kaiser's execution and moral right clashed with the dead letter of international law.

Shirked the Issue

International law shirked the issue by hiding behind the principle: Nulla poena sine lege—no punishment without a law.

No law existed under which the Kaiser could be made responsible for his crimes.

He was allowed to settle down in Doorn, establish his "court" and enjoy the immense wealth which he had accumulated.

The position of Hitler will not be much different if he escapes.

Shall our children be treated to a spectacle as that which we were allowed to witness in Doorn?

To prevent this happening—and victory would, indeed, not be worth winning if it could happen—international lawyers and statesmen must sit down now and consider how such an outrageous possibility can be outruled.

They must devise a law which will defy all attempts of legalistic brains to frustrate what will be a flaming demand of the whole civilised world.

The legal experts should not either neglect the probability—nay, the dead certainty—that Hitler will commit new crimes in the course of this war.

They should not exclude the vilest breaches of human civilised principles as a possibility and make them punishable crimes. No civilised country will refuse to collaborate with them in an attempt to lay such a law down now.

They cannot refuse after the war to apply it justly but mercilessly.

The British have a great tradition of magnanimity; we know them as the "fellows who like to shake hands after a good scrap."

They must not let this noble spirit run away with them.

There can only be one reply to the question which I put:

HITLER CANNOT ESCAPE!

FOOD IS A MUNITION OF WAR

DON'T WASTE IT

MINISTRY OF FOOD
LONDON S.W.1

This is the emblem of the Ministry of Food. It is the banner under which you, too, are fighting; helping to defeat the enemy's attempt to starve us out.

Through rationing, price control and other measures, the Ministry of Food sees that all get a fair share of essential foods at fair prices.

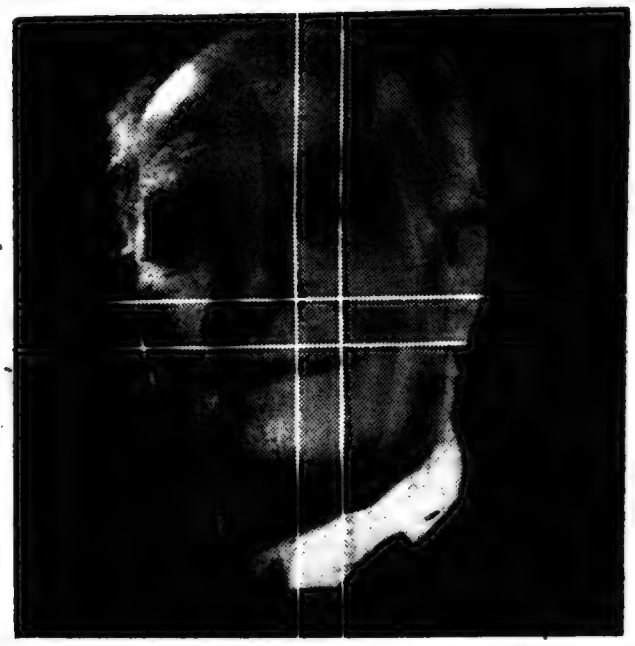
But nearly half of our food comes across the sea. The U-boats attack our food ships, and although most arrive safely, some are lost.

Now, here is *your* part in the fight for Victory. When a particular food is not available, cheerfully accept something else — home produced if possible. Keep loyally to the rationing regulations.

Above all — whether you are shopping, cooking or eating — remember "FOOD IS A MUNITION OF WAR. DON'T WASTE IT."

Woolton
MINISTER OF FOOD

Issued by The Ministry of Food (21)



"No, Master David . . .

delighted as I am to see you home on leave, I cannot say I like the aroma of your tobacco. If you will forgive the liberty, Sir, I would respectfully suggest that you throw it away. His Lordship has never approved of artificially flavoured tobacco. In fact, I've heard him say that only naturally matured tobacco is fit for a gentleman to smoke. That — and the fact that I recommended it — is why he smokes Four Square, the purest of pure tobacco and far too good to need any artificial flavouring."

FOUR SQUARE

PURE TOBACCO — NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING
8 DIFFERENT BLENDS — ALL MEDIUM STRENGTH
PRICES FROM 1/6½ TO 1/10½ PER OUNCE

Four Square Cigarettes — 1/6 for 20

RETURNED EMPTIES To conserve metal supplies, Four Square smokers are asked to be good enough to return empty tins to their tobacconist.

O.K

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY

"There's a story goes with these two little circles, if you only knew"

The LUCKY CIRCLES

by WILL SCOTT

THE Well-off Chap had been staring for some time at the two little circles of silver—or what looked like silver—that hung on the watch-chain of the stranger in the corner of the saloon bar.

"What are they?" the Well-off Chap asked at last.

"These?" The stranger looked down his waistcoat, picked up the two little circles and dangled them from the end of his finger. "Ah! There's a story goes with these two little circles, if you only knew."

"Tell us."

Everybody had gathered round by now.

Some were actually asking whether they might touch the things, for some reason, and, receiving permission, were touching them.

"Tell us, guv'nor."

Things were going a bit flat in the saloon bar, and even a dud story was better than nothing.

At any rate, they were ready to take the risk.

"I haven't had these things off my person—night or day, or in my bath," said the stranger, "for nearly a quarter of a century. One of 'em, anyway. The other, in a way, don't concern me."

"Well, go on; tell us."

The stranger had what some call a good go at his pint, wiped his mouth and looked at the ceiling.

"It was in the last war," he began. "France. Early 1916. There were six of us. We'd been pals together before the war. We joined up together. We went out together. And—well, we expected to be done in together. We weren't very optimistic, I can tell you.

"I won't bother you with the details. But one of my pals saved the life of a Hindu out there—Hindu soldier, of course. And he got such a packet that he thought he was pegging out. My pal, that is. But the Hindu chappie said no, he wouldn't peg out. And he gave my pal a little silver circle, just like one of these.

"'Keep that on you,' he said, 'always; and the war shall never touch you. Not this war; not any war, anywhere, ever. So long as it goes with you everywhere.' Gratitude, you see? Of course, I don't suppose my pal believed it. Not then.

"But, to everybody's surprise—particularly his—he got better suddenly. Everybody's surprise, that is, except the little Hindu's.

"'I told you,' he said.

"Well, as I say, my pal got better suddenly. And then he began to worry. Sighing and moaning all over the place all day long. And when we asked him what was the matter, he said us.

"'I'm all right,' he said. 'I believe that little Hindu chappie. I believe that no harm will come to me in this or any other war so long as I keep this little silver circle with me. But what about you five fellows?

"'We've always stuck together since boys, through thick and thin. What's going to happen now?'

"That didn't cheer us up any, *I* can tell you!

"However, we needn't have worried. It was night when my pal told the rest of us what was preying on his mind, and the Hindu was standing near, although we didn't see him.

"He heard it all, and the next morning he turned up with five more little silver circles, and, with a bit of ceremony—very solemn-like—he handed us out one each.

"'You friend, he save my life,' he said. 'My gratitude to him can never be too big. His friends, my friends. What he wish, I wish.'

"And he did a kind of bow and took a walk. And the funny thing about that Hindu is that we never heard another word about him from that day to this. Never heard what happened to him.

"HOWEVER, that's neither here nor there, in a way. We had the circles, one each, and believe it or not, but we had a queer sort of confidence with them.

"I don't know whether you understand me, but in a way we knew we were going to be all right.

"And we were all right!

"It's incredible.

"The things we went through in France in the last war! You'd have said that not one of us had a hope of ever seeing home again. But the other five of us came through without a scratch, and the original one without another scratch after he got the silver circle.

"And, you can take it from me, now this war's started, *I* don't worry. Not for myself."

"Why two?" said one of the onlookers, pointing.

"Ah!" said the stranger. "I was going to tell you. As I said, we all got through the war safe and sound, and, as a matter of fact, five of us are alive to this day, nearly a quarter of a century after. One—isn't.

"But the war didn't get him, as the Hindu said it wouldn't—and couldn't. He lived many years after the war, and he died as peaceful and happy as you could wish."

The stranger had another good go at his pint, set it down, and stared in the fire.

"I HAD a girl," he went on presently. "We reckoned on getting married. When this pal of mine was pegging out so peaceful, he sent for me and gave me his silver circle—the second one on my chain here.

"'It'll be no more use to me, Charlie,' he said. 'And—and I'd like you to take it for your girl. You never know when another war will be coming along.'

"Well, I took it. With tears in my eyes. A grand fellow, that pal of ours, and that action was just like him. I took it, and I went round that night to tell my girl all about it.

"And—and I was told then, that very night, that she'd run off with another fellow.

"I never saw her again.

"I never want to, now. I just hung the circle on my watch-chain, with my own, and there it's been ever since."

The stranger picked up his pint again.

"You don't want two!" said a little man quickly.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I say you don't want two. Two o' them. Not two magic circle things."

"Oh!"

"I mean you can't save your life twice—not twice at one go. If one o' them little magic circles is doin' its work, well, the other one's just wastin' its time, ain't it?"

"I see what you mean," said the stranger.

"So I'll give you seven-and-six for it."

The stranger looked at the little man, but didn't say a word.

"Wants to hang on to it," said somebody else. "Sentimental reasons."

"I don't know that I do," said the stranger. "She's gone. She can stay gone."

"Right. Then I'll give you ten bob."

The stranger considered this for a moment, removed the silver circle from his watch-chain and sat looking at it in the palm of his hand.

The landlord glanced at the clock and was about to call time when the telephone bell rang in another room.

The landlord went out.

"If your life's only worth ten bob, George," said a man in a corner, "I reckon mine's worth more. I'll go a quid."

"Just a minute."

The Well-off Chap forced his way through the gathering and stood in front of the stranger.

And the landlord returned.

"Money talks," said the Well-off Chap.

"Well?" said the stranger.

"Is that so?"

"I've heard so."

"Right! Here's a fiver."

And without waiting for yes or no the Well-off Chap put five pound-notes into the stranger's hand and took the little silver circle out of the stranger's hand.

"And that's that!" he said

"Anybody here named Button?" the landlord asked.

"That's me," said the stranger.

"You're wanted on the 'phone. I don't know where it's from. I couldn't make out. It's a trunk."

"Thank you," said Mr. Button.

And went out through the door the landlord indicated.

"Now, gentlemen," said the landlord.

In ones and twos they rose and made their ways to the door.

The Well-off Chap was already putting the silver circle away in a safe place.

"*That*," he said, "doesn't say ta-ta to *me* until after I've stopped breathing. No, sir!"

They went out, the Well-off Chap last.

The door closed on them and the landlord locked it.

Presently Mr. Button returned from the telephone, looking downcast and depressed. He found the landlord standing with his back to the fireplace.

"Get through?"

"Yes, thank you."

The landlord cleared his throat and went on:

"What you want," he said, "is capital."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Capital. And that needn't be difficult. I've got a bit in pickle myself and I've got pals. I could raise the rest without walking to China."

MR. BUTTON waited.

"I was watching 'em when you were telling your story," said the landlord. "They were just lapping it up. You could have sold a dozen."

"If you'd had a dozen to sell."

He sat down and added things up on a piece of paper.

"They needn't cost much to make," he said. "Nor much to store. There'd be your fares. You ought to be able to work about three towns a day. And only one pub in each town.

"Oh, it's money for jam! Two hundred quid. . . . What do you reckon? Two hundred ought to see us through?"

"I should think so," said Mr. Button.

"Right. Now, listen. You'll stop here for the night, and we'll fix things up in a business-like way in the morning.

"The little silver circle the war can never touch. . . . I tell you, it's money for jam! Have a drink?"

"Thank you," said Mr. Button.

"And, for heaven's sake, cheer up! You look as if you'd had a piece of bad news instead of good."

"Well so I have," said Mr. Button.

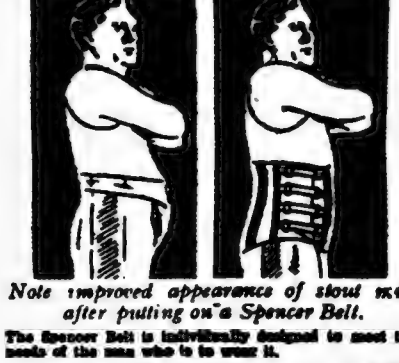
"Go on?"

"On the telephone. I've just heard that the warehouse has had a direct hit, and five thousand little silver circles that the war can never touch have been blown to dust.

"I hope that doesn't get out. . . ."

THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect support for
OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, RUPTURE, HERNIA, Wear After OPERATION



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

Spencer Belts are very serviceable, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., Bunbury, Oxon, for FREE Booklet and name of local Fitter.

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COUGH SPASMS following BRONCHITIS

DO-DO WOULD HAVE SAVED HIM HUNDREDS OF POUNDS

Do you suffer from violent coughing spasms or bronchitis? If so, read this letter from Mr. H.R., of Crumpsall, Manchester, dated February 15th, 1940:

"For a long time I suffered with a severe cough spasm, a legacy of bronchitis. It was worse when I got warm in bed, or just when I got up. I had received medical treatment for it, but it remained as nasty as ever. I had stopped smoking, and was on a severe diet. I read of your Do-Do Tablets, and sent for them, but I tell you frankly I fully expected it to be a waste of time.

"After the first one, I felt a tremendous relief, and after the second one, I spent the first uninterrupted night for nearly six months. Now I can breathe freely, without a whistle or a cough. . . . I wish I had known of your Tablets three years ago. They would have saved me hundreds of pounds."

The same Do-Do (brand) Asthma Tablets which gave Mr. H.R. such instant relief are sold by Qualified Chemists everywhere. Get a shilling packet (7 full doses) today! Larger sizes for economy: 3s. (over 4 times the 1s. size) and 10s. 6d. (17 times the 1s. size). *Note: Prices plus Purchase Tax are 1s. 1½d., 3s. 4½d., and 11s. 10d. respectively.*

Do-Do brand
ASTHMA TABLETS
ONE IS A FULL DOSE

Jane: It's easy to be thoughtless when there's a bit more money coming in.

Sarah: Yes, when you've got it in your purse and there are things you've been wanting to buy for years. It's a great temptation.

Jane: Yes, I've got to watch myself like a cat. But my Jim—you know what he is—he's always on about it. "We've got to win this war," he says, "and money's needed as much as munitions."

Sarah: That's right. That's quite right. We won't get any taste out of money or anything until old Hitler is got rid of.

Jane: Jim says the only way to stop him is to go on buying fighters and bombers until we've got more than he has.

Sarah: That means more saving by you and me. We must all buy more Savings Certificates. I'm doing it for all I'm worth.

Jane: Right Sarah, I'm with you all the way.

Sarah: And think of what we'll be able to do with our savings when the war is over. Then they will have grown a bit: In ten years time every 15/- certificate becomes worth 20/6—that's a nice profit.

Save regularly week by week: *Go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into Defence Bonds or National War Bonds; or buy Savings Certificates; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks. Join a Savings Group and make others join with you.*

SAVINGS CERTIFICATE GIFT TOKENS
are now on sale at Post Offices

They can be exchanged by the recipient for Savings Certificates which grow in value year by year.

These Gift Tokens are presents that everybody will appreciate. They are both practical and patriotic.

Tokens for 1, 2, 3, 4 or 5 Certificates can be obtained at all Money Order Post Offices; tokens for 10 or 50 Certificates at Head Post Offices.

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London.

KEEP FIT!

Personal Fitness is Essential to the National Effort

WAR work is to-day preventing thousands of us from obtaining the usual opportunities to take regular exercise, and in many cases constipation results. This produces sick headaches, lassitude, and may, if neglected, cause serious disorders.

The Nation's stand-by against constipation for nearly 100 years has been Beechams Pills.

To-day it is more than a personal misfortune to be off-colour; it is a setback to the National Effort. Keep fit with the unfailing help of Beechams Pills.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

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OR AERO INSPECTOR.

Men and youths wanted as draughtsmen, inspectors, Viewers, Gaugers, etc., in Aeronautical, Structural, Electrical, Mechanical, and other Branches of Engineering. Practical experience is unnecessary for those who are willing to learn—our Guaranteed "Home Study" courses will get you in. The FREE 1941 Guide contains 120 pages of information of the greatest importance to those seeking entry or advancement in Engineering. It gives full details of salaries, openings and prospects in Draughtsmanship, Inspection, opportunities in all other Branches of Engineering and Electrical work together with particulars of our special rapid courses for A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E., etc.

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Leather
For your next shoe repair

VOICE of the PEOPLE

THE war is said to be costing nine, ten, eleven and twelve million pounds a day.

What is the real figure?

All we can be sure about is that no community of people in the world can stand the strain of such expenditure for long.—H. Graves, Watford.

Total national expenditure is now twelve millions a day, of which nearly ten millions represents war expenditure. Last war cost eight millions a day. But we started this war with a national revenue of a thousand million pounds annually—the last with a mere one hundred and ninety-eight million. Bearing in mind *capacity* to pay, we are no worse off than last time. We were once afraid that the Boer War (started when our national revenue was eighty-nine millions!) would exhaust us in a twelvemonth.

COUNTLESS bricks from bombed buildings are being crushed into holes in London's roads.

If streets want bricks, old material would do.

We could do with some bricks to build a Night Fire Patrol shelter, but officialdom says: "We have no authority to let you have bricks from destroyed buildings."—D. E. Williams, Wilton Road, Ilford.

HUNDREDS of barrels of wine were being unshipped at a certain port on the day the Ministry of Food announced the ban on imports of certain fruits and the restriction of lemon and onion supplies.

I haven't read of any ban on the import of this expensive luxury, and, personally, although I enjoy a drink, would prefer shipping space to be used more sensibly.

Why should valuable lives be risked for such cargoes?—James Dawson, Saughall Massie Road, Upton, Birkenhead.

BRITAIN has dispatched 30,000 greatcoats with an equal quantity of battle-dress for the use of our prisoners of war in Germany.

Isn't this dangerous?

The enemy could disguise his troops as British.

In the event of an invasion the best ally the invaders could have would be Confusion.

Surely 30,000 Germans dressed as British troops could cause this state of affairs?—C. Bradder, Lime Street, Mansfield, Notts.

We should send British prisoners the best and warmest—but not undisfigured Army uniforms. Meantime, Home Guards are waiting for battle-dress.

RUNNING to catch the bus I dropped my identity card, and on going to the police station to recover it was told that I wasn't entitled to get it back and must get another at my Town Hall.

Surely it would have been easier to have returned it instead of wasting my time and the time of the Town Hall officials in the furnishing of another.—P. J. Bateman, The Drive, Fulham Road, London, S.W.

LORD WOOLTON said that it was against the law to hoard food.

Just what does this mean?

Supposing a person makes 20 lb. of jam or preserves for his cupboard. Is this hoarding?

Is the woman who has put away tinned stocks against an emergency a war criminal?—C. B., Hill Road, Portchester, Hants.

The more foods you can preserve from the garden, the better patriot you are. If you bought stocks of canned food between Munich and the outbreak of war, and still keep them, you have helped your country. If you bought the reserve stock urged on you by Lord Woolton you are no war criminal. But if, in actual time of shortage, you go round buying up goods that are short, thus making that shortage worse for others, you are a hoarder.

SURELY the winter was the wrong time to cut the meat ration.

A far-seeing Food Ministry would have asked us to go short in the summer months, when garden produce is more important to us than meat, so giving us more animal flesh in winter, when it is really important.

It is better to fill incoming liners with American munitions than with the produce of the Argentine, but the shortage of home-produced meat seems to me to be another result of lack of foresight.—D. Mills, Epsom, Surrey.

War demands sacrifices, and nobody can say that the new meat ration represents any real sacrifice. Before the war Britain ate 90 lb. of beef, veal, mutton and lamb per head a year. Buying a fair share of the cheapest cuts, you could now get about 65 lb. annually. That is more than Americans eat (63 lb. a year), or the peace-time consumption of France (51½ lb.), Germany (32 lb.)—or most other nations, for that matter.

WHY are soldiers compelled to carry plates, knives and forks through the street when going for a meal?

I don't suppose they like to make themselves conspicuous in this way.

Surely the various utensils could be kept at the central feeding place?—B. T., Bootham, York.

They could be. But (in soldiers' parlance) they might be "half-inched." And a soldier has to make good lost kit.

NOEL COWARD is lecturing in Australia on the "British war effort."

What can anyone know about the British war effort if he left the country before the *blitz* began?

Recall all those whose memory of Britain at war goes back to those smug days when we called this the Bore War.—R. W. Lock, Watermoor Road, Cirencester, Gloucester.

Among those people preaching overseas about Britain in war time are some who haven't seen us since the war began.

PEOPLE are still compelled to work for nothing. The auxiliary postman finds that the second delivery of letters has been cut out in many places, making the first delivery heavy and slow.

And he cannot claim extra pay for a heavy mail, no matter if it takes him two hours over his scheduled time.

He may ask for a "test of duty" to see whether the work regularly keeps him late, but he must continue to work for nothing till he gets it.—F. W. B., Norfolk.

Even when paid for two deliveries, the auxiliary is among the lowest-paid workers in the country.

DEALERS bought seasonable goods long before the Purchase Tax was mentioned.

Some of these wholesalers put stocks on one side for sale in the New Year, when it will have become easy to charge Purchase Tax on everything.

Keep an eye open.

Watch for any mark of foreign origin. Precious few luxury articles have been imported since the Purchase Tax was introduced.—S. G. G., Crestbrook Avenue, N.13.

FIVE houses opposite to mine were blown down by a bomb.

The families were taken away and given accommodation. When they returned to look round they found that all the débris had been raked over and looted as soon as the demolition workers left.

A little boy's money-box had been torn open, robbed of all the sixpences it contained, and thrown back into the rubble. Books, bangles, tarkards—even coal and firewood—were stolen from these bombed homes.

My husband's fury at seeing what had been done was such that had he caught a looter in the act he might well have inflicted the maximum penalty that the law ordains for this foul crime.—Mrs. Tyson, "Somewhere in Kent."

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

SUNDERLAND DAILY ECHO:—"'We appeal with all force at our command to Allied and neutral public opinion while there is yet time that aerial AID be given to Greece without delay and without hesitation,' spokesman said."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"People ran out in their night clothes and rendered the TOWN ineffective with soil, before any damage could be done."

TORQUAY HERALD AND EXPRESS:—"Her husband had suffered from EXTERNAL trouble since January."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Every pound of lessened personal CORRUPTION is just as valuable a contribution to the war effort as a pound of production."

ISLE OF MAN DAILY TIMES:—"This was one of a series of social evenings arranged by the vicar of O——, and the hall was WOUNDED."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"'I didn't serve five years in the last YEAR without knowing something about Friday nights.'"

WELSH GAZETTE:—"The day was observed as a general holiday by many farmers and servants as could be observed by the large groups around the Town CLERK and Lion Hotel."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"An anonymous donor has given £50 on condition that nine other people do the SAME."

This is Your feature a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

GOODS bought by the Army six months ago are still not paid for.

Lorries and other properties commandeered are pretty well worn out before their owners collect a penny.

The State should remember that it sometimes sends to prison unfortunate taxpayers who are as slow as that in paying, although the war may have made it difficult for them to pay.—R. B., Commercial Road, E.

L.C.C. has not paid a penny for some premises commandeered eighteen months ago, although owners have had to pay rent, rates, taxes, water, gas and electricity on them. Try dodging your rates for eighteen months, and see what the bailiff does!

MAURICE PAGENCE says it is no part of the Food Ministry's policy to buy up huge quantities of food that would last us for years.

Yet our wheat purchases from Australia and Canada are the biggest ever, and our flour mills have for a long time been working night and day seven days a week.

If we are buying wheat far in excess of our peace time requirements, we must be hoarding it on the grand scale.—H. Probisher, Blackstock Road, N.5.

We are saving some, but not on a grand scale. Flour consumption mounts as luxuries disappear from the market. Besides, we need the wheat offals (normal yield 1,500,000 tons a year) to give us cheap milk now many other animal feeding stuffs are scarcer.

ONE of my friends lost £55 in Treasury notes in a fire that followed the bombing of his street.

The thought occurred to me that many people will, no doubt, lose all their War Loan Certificates or similar script through similar misfortunes.

In the absence of proof that such documents had existed, the money involved will, of course, become a free gift to the State.

What proof would be acceptable?—R. S. Sims, Foots Cray Road, S.E.9.

Such losses should always be reported. Printing on burnt paper can be photographically resuscitated by ultra-violet and infra-red light. The number alone is important, and the bank has often paid out on a fragment of charred paper on which the human eye could see no number.

PEOPLE who have taken the Government's advice to keep pigs have now received permits to have one slaughtered for their own use.

They are told that they must collect the carcase a day after slaughter, and that it mustn't be cured.

As this means that the whole of a freshly killed pig must be consumed by one family, it isn't easy to see how such instructions help the nation to make the most of its available food supplies.—S. M., Cheshunt, Herts.

Coughing through the long night hours is the most deadly wearying trouble. It is also a symptom of a serious threat to chest and lungs. This winter, of all times, you cannot afford to take chances. With the possibility of sudden exposure to cold damp night air your danger will increase many times over. Take a dose of VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE and don't waste any precious hours of sleep. VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE acts *like Lightning*. Soothes the chest, strengthens the lungs, stops the cough and ***arrests the development of dangerous germs.***

For night workers and those who must go out in the early morning air, VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE is the finest safeguard.

1/5 & 3/6 per bottle. (*Incl. Purchase Tax*)

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Rheumatic Acids

make you liable to

SCIATICA

Here is how to deal with them!

Get a tin of Fynnon Salt today and get rid of your rheumatic acids just as Mr. Kemp did! Writing from Rochford, Essex, he says:

"*I have suffered from sciatica and rheumatism since I was discharged from the army in 1919–21 years. Four months ago I started taking Fynnon Salt. At that time I was obliged to use a stick and almost drag my leg along. Now, at 50 I feel much fitter than I did at 30. I got relief after a very few doses of Fynnon and am glad to say I am free from any pain. Now I can do a day's work with the best. I give all the credit to Fynnon.*"

Fynnon can take the credit for Mr. Kemp's recovery for this reason: Fynnon contains the salts of Lithium, Potassium, Sodium—and these are the salts which are known to get rheumatic acids right out of the system. That is why Fynnon so rapidly helps sufferers from almost any of the great family of rheumatic diseases: lumbago, neuritis, muscular rheumatism, fibrositis, pains of the joints. If you have the stiffness or pain which shows the presence of rheumatic acids in your system go to your chemist and get some Fynnon Salt NOW. Large tin 1/5. Trial size: 7d. Inclusive of Purchase Tax

Fynnon Salt

DEFEND YOUR HAPPINESS

with a circle of **FRIENDS!**

FORM YOUR OWN CLUB

Mr. John Moores invites you

The war is making all of us more friendly. We are all more ready to help each other and to accept help from each other. And so, **LITTLEWOOD 1/- CLUBS ARE EASIER TO FORM, EASIER TO RUN.**

A Littlewood 1/- Club supplies the NECESSITIES of life at a price all can afford, and on the easy terms of 1/- a week. Values are cash values, bedrock and high standard.

Around your neighbourhood there are plenty of people ready to join a Littlewood Club, and only waiting for someone like yourself to start it going. Especially in these days, people want **AN EASY, SAFE WAY OF SHOPPING,** at home, by their own firesides.

For you, it will prove a new source of **HAPPINESS AND PROFIT.** It will bring you a new social circle, trust and respect.

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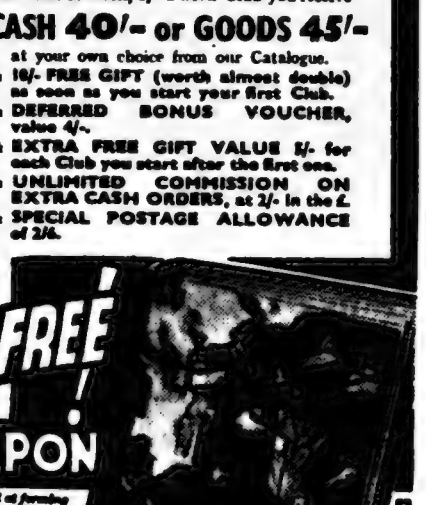

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Post in unsealed envelope (1d. stamp) to: Littlewood 1/- Clubs, Old Hall Street, Liverpool, 3.

I would like to try my hand at forming a Littlewood Club, and I think I can get 10 or more Members. Please send me your Catalogue and full particulars. I am over 21 years of age.

Name (in full) .....

.....

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PARENTS WHAT OF THE RIGHT?

NO PLEASURE OUT-OF-DOORS NOW

Find fun for all the family with a Riley "Home" Billiard Table.

9/- DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table carriage paid. Here is the ideal method of finding relief from to-day's worries. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL GIVEN. Pay balance as you play. A size for every room. Write for Art List of all types. Buy NOW before prices increase.

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Cuticura Ointment brings instant soothing relief to cuts, burns, skin lacerations—prevents infection, quickly heals. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

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The '*Khaterene*' *Dilator-Penetration Treatment* opens up shut nostrils, and allows powerful germ-killing medicaments to penetrate *nose, ear* and *head* passages which are inaccessible to the usual inhalants, ointments, "drops" and disinfectants. Treatment is in two parts—"Dilator-Penetration" clears Head and Chest: "Tonic-Cleansing" drives Catarrh from Organs *within the body*. SEND 4d. ONLY for FREE Trial Supply and explanatory booklet, "*From Catarrh to Perfect Freedom.*" Send TO-DAY.

THE KHATORENE CO.
(Dept. J.B.), 52, High St., Ross-on-Wye.

TALES OF THE TURF

To the rhythm of thundering hooves of the racehorses "John Bull's" special correspondent creates another exciting story of a drama that was played behind the racing stable doors

REVENGE on a "RINGER"

"They're off," cried the thousands of eager race-goers who made this Derby one of the great days in Britain's racing records

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

IF there's one thing I pride myself on it's being a judge of horse-flesh. So when I saw Irish Belle, a big bay filly finish as fresh as paint in a gruelling Aintree seller, I went round to the paddock in the hope of doing a deal with the owner.

But Joe O'Rourke, a big, surly Irishman who looked as though he had a permanent grouse against the world, turned me down flat when I offered £500 for the Belle.

"She's not for sale," he said to me savagely.

I strolled to the filly's box and looked her over. She was a beauty and no mistake, worth every bit of three thousand pounds.

At the time I was interested in horse buying. I had a commission from a wealthy London merchant to get a few good things for him.

When I left Aintree, I vowed that the next time I saw Irish Belle in a seller I would buy her—O'Rourke or no O'Rourke.

But I must have scared the Irishman off, for the Belle ran in only one seller that year, when she won a small plate at Bath.

By that time I had forgotten the filly.

Then one morning I met young Bobby Marston, a wealthy stockbroker.

"I've bought Irish Belle," he said jubilantly. "Paid £450 for her."

"Lord, what a bargain," I said.

"Bargain be damned," said Bobby. "She's run in three races, and been down the course. Ted Watson, my trainer, reckons she's just about fit to pull a hearse."

"A hearse . . . Irish Belle . . ." I spluttered. "You're crackers. I may be all sorts of a fool, but I'll back my judgment against anybody's when it comes to a horse."

"If that's Irish Belle," I went on, "she must be ill or something."

"Tripe," said Bobby—or words to that effect. "She's as sound as a bell."

SMELLING something fishy about the affair I decided to go to Marlborough, where O'Rourke had rented training quarters.

Hiring a trap, I drove out to O'Rourke's place.

It was a dump—a tumbledown cottage with half a dozen boxes attached.

A wizened little stable hand carrying a pitchfork came out when he saw me snooping around.

"And pwhat might ye be afther, sorr?" he asked in a rich Irish brogue.

"Mr. O'Rourke," I replied. "Is he about?"

"No, sorr. 'Tis in Oireland he'll be for another wake."

He stood there with his pitchfork at the ready, and from the look in his eyes he seemed ready to use it if I tried to get nearer the boxes.

But a pound note did the necessary, and he agreed to my looking round.

He led me from box to box, telling me the names of the horses.

When he opened the door of the fourth box I gave a start. For there as large as life was Irish Belle!

The stable lad must have noticed my start.

He eyed me suspiciously as he asked, "You know her, sorr?"

"No," I lied, "but I know a filly when I see one. This must be the beauty O'Rourke told me about. What's her name?"

"Galway Girl," said the lad, "but she's not for sale."

He looked worried.

"Ye'll be going now," he suggested, "or ye'll be making trouble for me."

HE shepherded me off the premises and down the lane as far as the main road.

I was content.

To have learned O'Rourke's secret was cheap at a pound.

He had sold Marston a ringer.

I told Bobby what I'd discovered.

"I'll have the dirty crook arrested," he cried. "I'll drag him through every court in the land. . . ."

"And lose Irish Belle at the end of it," I warned. "Pinching O'Rourke doesn't mean you'll get your horse back.

"First I'd have to swear that the filly I saw at Liverpool was not the one you've got now. The Stud Book would not help much. And it would cost a fortune to prove anything."

"Now, if you'll listen to me." And I outlined my plan.

Calling for me in his car next day, Marston drove me to his trainer's stables at Wantage. And round the yard the trainer walked the ringer for my benefit. I was amazed at the striking resemblance between it and Irish Belle.

Then she was taken to a waiting motor-box, and we climbed in beside the driver.

"To Marlborough," I told him, "and step on it."

At the lane which led to O'Rourke's stables I told the driver, "Wait! You won't be able to get up here."

Then to Marston I called, "Bring Irish Belle!"

"Stand by," I told Marston a little farther up the lane, "and if you hear me calling for help you'll know what to do. For if that giant O'Rourke is back from Ireland he'll beat me up."

But except for the horses champing in their boxes and a trickle of smoke from the chimney, there was no sign of life in the stable.

A chained wolfhound started to bark furiously as I approached.

There was no answer from the front door when I knocked, and the back door was locked, but two of the boxes were open, and I said to myself:

"Well, this is a stroke of luck, the lad has two of them out for exercise!"

I took a peep in Irish Belle's box.

Yes, she was still there, though with a padlock on the door. I ran down the lane and told Marston.

From the box-driver we borrowed a hammer and a screwdriver.

"Bit of trouble with one of the boxes up above," I explained.

I set to work with the screwdriver and I soon had the padlock off.

"Come out, you beauty!" I said to the real Irish Belle. But the dog was barking furiously, and the horse, frightened, started jumping about a bit.

I grabbed her halter and got her out, substituting the docile ringer, and replacing the padlock.

In two minutes we had the filly boxed up and were racing back to Wantage.

Ted Watson was waiting for us.

"How did it go?" he asked.

"Like clockwork," I told him. "See here she is," and I opened the door.

But Ted was dubious.

"I don't like this business," he growled. "It'll mean trouble for somebody yet."

Marston and I laughed at his fears.

We were as happy as sandboys over our little coup.

FOR weeks I wondered what O'Rourke would do to get even, but nothing happened. Nor did I see him again till three months later at the Cesarewitch meeting, when he came up to me in the paddock and snarled:

"I'll get ye yet, ye thafe. I'll break every bone in your body."

"You and who else," I grinned, mimicking his accent, "Little Tich, the stable boy?"

Irish Belle won three fine handicaps after that with me on her back.

Her change of form caused no little comment, and Marston was haled before the stewards. But they accepted his story about the Irish filly being "a long while acclimatising."

And now if anyone ever starts preaching honesty to me, I tell them how I was "done" once in the matter of a horse!

Next Week: The Bookie Takes the Rap.

STUFF TO GIVE THE TROOPS

RADIOS, musical instruments, games, sports equipment and knitted clothes are needed by the Welfare Organisations now preparing a "big push" to save the Army from boredom.

Helped by two thousand civilians, a few Army officers who have had experience of this work will distribute "comforts" where they are most needed; see that soldiers in lonely posts are not forgotten.

* * *

These Welfare Officers have thought of every possible way of keeping soldiers from finding life tedious.

They not only organise such entertainments as concerts, dances, whist drives and "socials," but also they offer educational courses, give advice on personal problems, and provide housing and amusement for men on leave.

Already courses in law, banking, insurance, civil engineering and accountancy have been arranged.

Universities are co-operating, libraries supplying text-books.

Many men who might never have had the chance will now have professions opened to them.

Nine hundred lectures on scores of subjects, from astronomy to geology, were given in a month. There are foreign language lessons for our men, and English lessons for Allied troops.

Because entertainment is too much for E.N.S.A. alone, Army Welfare, advised by producer George Black, is helping local civilians (amateurs and ex-professionals) to arrange regular concert and theatrical parties.

Professionals among the troops are helped in forming their own companies.

War Secretary Eden wrote to two thousand local civic leaders, asking that civilians should open their homes to soldiers not only for social evenings, but also for days at a time.

Short-leave men, unable to reach home, welcome soft beds and home comforts.

Welfare asks for magazines and books.

The Army's existing library of 4,000,000 books is not enough for the long winter evenings. It wants sing-songs and dances; whist-drives and hot-pot suppers.

Men in lonely posts will also be helped by having special transport to take them to cinemas in the nearest towns.

* * *

Volunteer transport organisations are told when to meet leave trains with sufficient cars

Accommodation from day to day in available service hostels is filed, and men are directed to those with room.

Welfare may have to handle several thousand leave-men in a day in London.

Since every man wants to "go to town," Welfare enquiry offices have been arranged at the stations.

Not least of the Welfare officer's jobs is looking after private worries.

He must be able to give advice on common problems concerning rent, allowances, hire-purchase and legal matters.

THE TWELVE RIDDLES OF 1941

1941 may be the most momentous year in all history. It will present the world with these mighty problems which will help to decide the fate of nations for generations to come.

? WILL HITLER INVADE BRITAIN

? CAN WE TAKE THE OFFENSIVE IN 1941

? WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO EUROPE'S NEUTRALS

? WILL AMERICA ENTER THE WAR

? WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN THE BALKANS

? WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN THE FAR EAST

? WHAT NEXT IN THE AIR

? WHAT ARE STALIN'S PLANS

? HOW WILL THE WORLD PAY FOR THE WAR

? CAN WE SMASH THE U-BOAT CAMPAIGN

? WILL OUR BLOCKADE WIN

? WHERE DO WE GO WHEN WE WIN

THE "Daily Herald" has put these questions to national and international experts. Included among them are authorities with an unrivalled knowledge of modern naval, military and air warfare—world-famous commentators on statecraft and foreign affairs. Their replies will give the man in the street a better understanding of the vast moves on the world-chessboard of the war and the gigantic issues at stake. This exclusive authoritative series will form one of the most widely read and discussed features ever published by a national newspaper. Owing to wartime restrictions you must place a standing order with your newsagent at once for the "Daily Herald" to be supplied to you regularly every day.

READ THIS HISTORIC SERIES IN THE

DAILY HERALD NOW

Sparing the Rod . . .

★ HUMANIST helps parents find that happy medium between being kind and tyrannising over children. Too much of either, he says, will only cause trouble in later life.

A READER who is inclined to think we are spoiling the children to-day by being too easy-going with them broaches the subject by saying that he is certain I shall disagree with him.

But let me quote from his letter:—

"We were settling down in an air raid shelter a few nights ago," he writes. "There were twenty adults and about as many children, including several babies. The 'Blitz' had died down, and we were ready to fall asleep.

"We could not do so for the unreasonable behaviour of three or four boys. They kept rushing to and fro, shouting and laughing and making a general hullabaloo.

"Their parents scolded them without much effect.

Argued With Them

"Then some one brought along a schoolmaster, who collected them round him and argued with them.

"He explained that the rest of us had done a hard day's work and needed sleep to carry on.

"He pleaded with them to be more thoughtful, and ended: 'Now, be good lads and don't make another sound. You do see why, don't you?' They promised, with grins scarcely suppressed, and as soon as he had left the row started as badly as before.

"Then up rose an angry man and clouted them one and all. He did not attempt to explain. He just acted, and remarked that if that was not enough there was plenty more to come.

"The boys thereupon settled down to sleep.

"Now, I suppose modern educationists will say that such methods are barbarous; that they cause repressions and inferiority complexes and all sorts of nasty things in the unconscious minds of these young imps.

"The odd thing is that the boys seem to show no trace of resentment towards the man who whacked them. In fact, they are friendly. I can assure you there has been no more trouble.

"All this has set me thinking that too much free discipline is a mistake, that boys respect a man who keeps them in order when they get out of hand."

Vanished Ogres

There is all the difference in the world between keeping children within reasonable limits and tyrannising over them.

Such ogres as Squeers and Creakle have disappeared from our schools.

Mr. Bertrand Russell believed that children should have as much personal liberty as possible, but there were times when he was a determined disciplinarian

Teachers realise that children have certain rights as individuals, that they are capable of being reasonable, and that they have a keen sense of fair play.

They have far more freedom than their fathers and grandfathers had. But they cannot have absolute freedom.

It just does not work.

Sleep and Cleanliness

When I visited Mr. Bertrand Russell's free discipline school some years ago, I asked what he would do if the children decided not to go to bed.

He replied that this was one of the subjects about which he was strict.

He was also strict about personal cleanliness.

To my way of thinking, this is only common-sense. It is bad to be continually saying "Don't" to a child, and the fewer restrictions the better.

But *there are limits.*

The boy or girl who has never been restrained at all will have a rough time later on. It is well to realise this from the first.

The worst trouble is caused when teachers grant plenty of freedom and parents do the opposite.

The child is bound to develop a sense of frustration that leads to tempers or sullenness.

Punishment is hurtful only when it appears to be unjust. I don't think that the boys in the shelter had any grievance against the man who whacked them. They knew they deserved it.

But nothing should be done to destroy a child's self-confidence, initiative, personality. With the majority, physical chastisement is rarely necessary at all.

Several letters have come to me lately from parents whose boys have reached the age of fourteen but are compelled to stay at school until the end of the term.

A typical protest comes from a widow who has several sons in the Army and Navy. She applied for her youngest to be exempt from further school attendance.

"It was flatly refused," she says. "I told them it would entail hardship, and they said that was no plea, as I could get assistance.

"I promptly replied that I would never accept such assistance while I had four sons serving in the Forces.

Harmful Move

"I said I could not afford to send the boy to a secondary school, which was some distance away, and the reply was that I must send him to an elementary school.

"But the boy has been educated in secondary schools, and the effect of sending him to a lower standard of school would be harmful. They replied that I must obey the law.

"To send the boy to a secondary school, I shall have to shut up my home and move to another place where I can look after him.

"The boy has secured a job in a steelworks at 12s. 6d. a week, but he is not allowed to take it."

The reason for the law about school attendance is easy to see. If boys are allowed to leave on the day when they reach the age of fourteen, the top class melts away.

It may start the term with forty pupils and dwindle to half a dozen.

It is impossible to do any good work with such a class and a teacher is being wasted.

At the same time, I believe that certain Education Authorities are willing to make exceptions when there is special hardship involved. The Education Officer has the right to insist on attendance.

He is within the letter of the law.

It strikes me as a pity that red tape should be so inelastic during war time, when a boy might be doing important war work, and a mother has more than her usual share of anxieties.

If the mother is summoned, she may win sympathy from the Court. But, again, this depends upon the Court.

She may not be permitted to tell her story. I am sorry to say this has happened to other readers.

Worried About Girl

Another woman reader is worried about the daughter of some friends.

"The girl has a good position," she says, "and the old folk are pleased with her success. But she has a nasty way of looking down on her parents, who are respectable working people.

"When she returns from business she greets them with a sort of sniff and has a horrible feeling of her own superiority. This makes her mother very unhappy.

"The meals, quite nice ones, are accepted in such a way as: 'If that's my lunch, I've had it,' and insulting remarks are the order of the day.

"I do wish this girl could realise the pain she is causing to one who loves her so much.

"The younger daughter is very different.

"She is all that her parents could wish. But I should hate to feel that she may develop like her sister."

If the elder daughter is so dissatisfied with her home, she should "step out of it."

A few weeks might cause her to change her attitude.

There must be a reason for this behaviour.

Either the girl has been badly treated (which is hard to believe) or she has an exaggerated idea of her own importance.

I think that must be the explanation.

Meantime, she is not only suffering unhappiness through her illusions, but is making the home miserable for everybody else.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST decides a posthagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without your name, of course).

ENDURANCE

AREN'T you glad you've kept your chin up now that things are coming right? Aren't you glad you've kept on hoping through all trials, and held on tight? Aren't you glad you've kept on smiling even through your tear-filled eyes? Aren't you glad you've kept on searching for the Rainbow in Life's Skies?

AREN'T you glad you've kept on giving all you had and then some more? Aren't you glad of the part you're playing in this Great Soul-Searching War? Aren't you glad you've kept on thinking that right things could never fail? Aren't you glad you've battled onwards with your face towards Life's Gale?

AREN'T you glad that you persisted when you felt your courage wane? Aren't you glad you did your finest and then Went To It Again? *Aren't you glad you never faltered when Fear beckoned you to run? Aren't you glad you stayed and finished jobs you thought could not be done?*

AREN'T you glad that there are people everywhere around like you, who are glad that they are doing ALL THEY CAN TO SEE THINGS THROUGH?

J. M.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

"I THOUGHT it would be possible to shake off these financial troubles when my husband joined the Army," says Mrs. D. Walker, of Falkirk, Stirlingshire, when appealing to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund for assistance.

After serving throughout the last war, her husband was ill for seven years, suffering from the effects of being buried alive, gassed, wounded, malaria and dysentery.

Now he is in the Army again.

After paying 16s. rent, half-a-crown insurance, and other weekly payments, Mrs. Walker has only 26s. on which to feed and clothe six children.

The youngest is only ten months old.

One of her daughters recently recovered from pneumonia, and the mother is haunted by a doctor's fee of 30s., while another girl is waiting for a vacant hospital bed so that she can undergo an operation.

"I am very troubled," adds Mrs. Walker. "I am nursing baby, and she is quite ill at times through my worrying."

Please help this soldier's brave wife.

Donations should be sent to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses, every penny contributed is devoted to the fund.

We are grateful to anonymous donors.

The Last Laugh

A. L. (Walthamstow).—"I am going into a new job to help me forget." You are taking up plumbing?

Mrs. W. (Finsbury). — "My husband was instrumental in getting us turned out of our flat." Why, what instruments does he play?

Rita (Wembley).—"I think by improving my make-up I can get on the films." You're going to make up to the director instead of the doorman?

D. Y. (Burton).—"Our son is a great eater. You should see him attack our joints!" That's nothing to our rheumatism!

H. Y. (Shepperton).—"Several men stuck to me, although I hadn't a penny left." Your creditors?

M. M. H. (London, S.W.).—"I am at a loss to understand why it is that my husband and I cannot save some money." Perhaps it is because the neighbours keep doing things you can't afford?

W. T. (Aberdeen).—"My bookseller began advising his clients in November to buy books early for Christmas presents. What was the big idea?" So that his clients could read them before posting them.

F. G. (Felixstowe).—"It has cost me a big effort to write you this letter." We are sorry you put yourself to any trouble.

B. D. (Forest Hill).—"I think this trend of women to dress themselves as men is most undesirable." And apparently everyone is suspected. Only yesterday we received a letter addressed "Dear Sir or Madam."

Douglas (Horsham).—"What do you think she said when I told her she would be my wife one day?" That she wouldn't be even for one hour?

Ethel (Purley).—"Although I am not awfully keen on dancing, I always dance with anyone who asks me." You are easily swayed.

Beatrice (Maidenhead).—"When we went punting he was very cautious." He just hugged the bank?

G. L. (Stonehouse).—"Is there anything to stop a civilian motorist driving his car through a bombed area?" Yes, a puncture.

Jeweller (London, S.W.).—"I have done an extraordinary trade in watches and clocks recently." Apparently there is no present like the time.

M. D. (Staines).—"No household job ever gets me down." Not even plucking a duck?

D. B. (Frome).—"A wife often closes her eyes when she sees her husband kissing somebody under the mistletoe." Or his.

Mrs. D. (Sandwich).—"My husband's conduct left me absolutely speechless, so I hope he will not do the same thing again." What a hope!

R. M. (Carlisle).—"I was very surprised when I woke up and saw snow coming down outside." Which way did you expect it to come?

A. T. (Kew).—"I am worrying about a simply atrocious vase my aunt sent me for Christmas." Don't. Better let the whole thing drop.

G. J. (Kingston).—"My wife is very economical. Is yours?" Yes. She made do with twenty-five candles on her thirtieth birthday cake.

Draughtsman (Exmouth).—"I was selected to put forward a protest because I am discreet." You should certainly know where to draw the line.

F. B. (Bristol).—"I had a night out at the club and then went straight home." Then it couldn't have been much of a night out.

H. L. (Barnet).—"There is a naval recruiting campaign in Rome." Suggested slogan: Join the Navy and See the Italian Coast.

O. B. (Hertford).—"My relations object to my ugly face. I don't, so I don't see why they should." But you must remember that you're behind it.

D. J. (Rochford).—"My wife did not take any action, although she was very annoyed that I neglected to order any coal." Well, she couldn't call you over it, of course.

B. Y. (Ulverston).—"I am an athlete and have accumulated a large number of medals and silver cups." Are you a pawnbroker as well?

S. J. (Long Melford).—"Some people prefer to keep smelling-salts in their dug-outs and some keep brandy. What do you keep?" As calm as we possibly can.

Jack (Butterley). — "During Christmas I ate too well, drank too well and slept too well." And now you do not feel too well?

(Side-Slips : See page 17)

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"What do yer mean—Wonderful! Why don't yer stick up for yer own country? You'll see just as good as this in London, if yer waits long enough"

Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

ENDS CHILD'S CRUEL SKIN TROUBLE

Mrs. R. H. T., of Ripley, writes: "I cannot find words enough to express the praise I give to *Germolene*. It is wonderful. My little boy developed a terrible rash all over his body. The irritation was awful. I tried several remedies without affording any relief whatever. Suddenly I thought of *Germolene*. That night was the first peaceful night's sleep my boy had for several days. Within a week he was cured and thanks to *Germolene* he is a happy little fellow again."

GERMOLENE HEALS ECZEMA BAD LEG PIMPLES SCALDS RASHES ABSCESSES ULCERS, etc.

GREAT HEALING OFFER
Prove what *Germolene* can and will do for you under this great offer. Get a 1/5 tin of *Germolene*. If you are not completely satisfied with the results return the empty carton Vene Drug Co. Ltd., Manchester, and your money will be refunded in full.

7d., 1/5, 2/6 & 12/6 Per Tin. *(Incl. Purchase Tax.)*

LAZY KIDNEYS CAUSE Backache Rheumatic Pain Urinary Troubles

NEVER trifle with kidney ailments. Relieve backache, rheumatic pains, aching muscles and joints, puffy eyes, disturbed nights and dizzy attacks before they can become more serious.

The cause in each case is a poisoned condition due to the failure of the kidneys to filter impurities and wastes from the blood

Start taking Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This special kidney remedy cleanses, strengthens and stimulates the kidney filters so that blood purity is restored and ease and comfort are regained. You can rely upon a medicine that has been used and publicly recommended by 50,000 grateful men and women.

Ask for DOANS, 1/5, 3/5, 5/8 (Purchase Tax)

"SILF"
Brand Obesity Tablets

Reduced Bust - 8 inches
Reduced Hips - 8 inches
Reduced Waist 9 inches

Grateful Lady says:—
"Silf reduced my weight from 12 st. to 8 st. 7 lb. My measurements were: Bust, 42 ins.; Hips, 42 ins.; and Waist, 34 ins. Now my measurements are: Bust, 34 ins.; Hips, 36 ins.; and Waist, 25 ins.; so you can see for yourself the marvellous difference."

THERE'S NO NEED TO BE STOUT —no need to starve yourself, take dangerous drugs, nor pursue body-straining exercises. Just take SILF Brand OBESITY TABLETS—the SURE and safe way to SLIMNESS. 'SILF' improves your health as it also keeps your weight down. Guaranteed harmless.

All Chemists, 1/5, 3/4½ and 5/7½ Per Box (including Purchase Tax), or post free by sending the price to **THE SILF CO. LTD. (Dept. 86A)** 39, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1 *(These prices do not apply to Eire). No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.*

This lotion relieved SEVERE DERMATITIS

What a tragedy to be doomed to a lifetime of itching pain and disfigurement from dermatitis! This sufferer thought her case was hopeless till she tried D.D.D. Prescription.

"I attended hospital for dermatitis on face, neck, eyes and back for months with no beneficial results. At last I stopped going. Then I got a bottle of D.D.D. Brand Prescription. Needless to say, I found relief on the first application, and entirely cleared myself of the trouble."
(Mrs. C., Southampton.)

Sufferers from dermatitis, eczema, psoriasis, impetigo, or any other skin complaint, even if they have given up all hope of a cure, should try D.D.D. Prescription, the *reliable* skin remedy, which has often brought relief and cure where everything else had failed. 1/6 a bottle from all chemists.

D D D PRESCRIPTION

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/6.

What a Black-Out-look yours must be if you are troubled with Bronchitis Colds or Influenza!

REMOVE this darkness from your life NOW and be free from Lung infection — take

Jennings famous LUNG HEALERS

ALL Chemists & Stores 6d. packets or 1/3 & 3/- glass tubes or write

and keep a tin of Jennings' Ointment in the house

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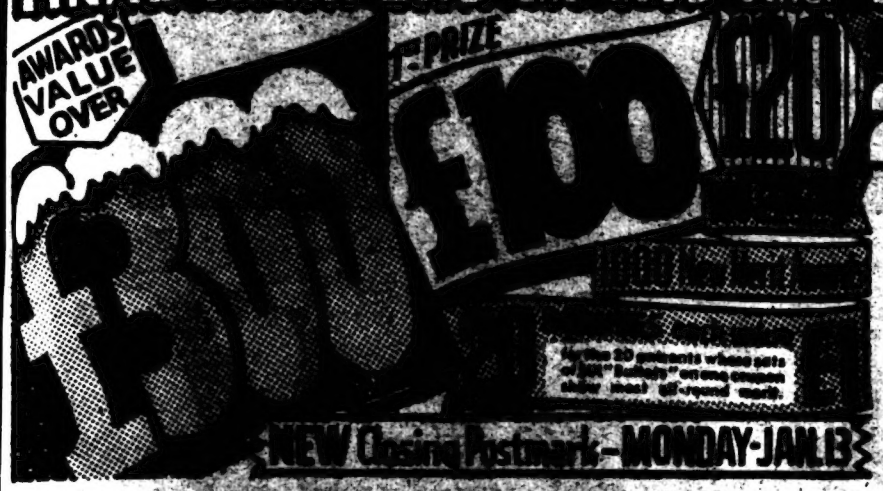
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For the BLOOD, VEINS, ARTERIES and HEART

Sold by Chemists Everywhere!

Elasto

The Wonder Tablet

REGISTERED

Take it—and Stop Limping

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of 'Elasto.' Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish, and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto'—*the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

What is 'Elasto'? This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is free, together with a generous Free Sample (see coupon below). Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food, which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say!

"No sign of varicose veins now."

"My Doctor highly praises 'Elasto'."

"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."

"As soon as I started taking 'Elasto' I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."

"'Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."

"For seven years my leg had been running from four varicose ulcers and I cannot describe the pain I suffered. Now they have all healed and my general health has greatly improved due to the wonderful qualities of 'Elasto'."

"My piles are gone; my legs are better, and I feel fitter in my general health."

"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but 'Elasto' cured me."

"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day."

"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to 'Elasto,' my leg is now completely cured."

"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but 'Elasto' cured me."

"The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved."

"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to 'Elasto'."

"It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath."

"I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded; the results are magic."

"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering, age 66."

"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit." Etc., etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of 'ELASTO'—the wonderful new Biomedical Remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Stagnation Means Decay!

SOME of the most painful and distressing ailments that afflict mankind are the direct result of poor or sluggish circulation of the blood. Take, for example, that very common disability, varicose veins. Here we have one of the physical consequences of cell-starvation, a weakening of the vein walls and of the surrounding tissues due to an impoverished blood supply brought about by a stagnating blood stream, or, in other words, bad circulation. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building and for the removal of toxic waste materials, and health MUST result. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Fill in This Coupon

for a Free Sample and a Free Booklet fully explaining 'Elasto'—the new Biomedical Remedy. These, with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, postfree. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, WHILE YOU THINK OF IT, AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

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'Elasto' is sold by Chemists Everywhere.

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